

A
0
0
0
4
4
4
4
7
3
8
9

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



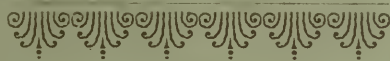
Glint = Lights

ON THE

Ten Commandments

BY

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D.



California
onal
lity

Price 50 Cents.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



Josef Krausstoff

Glint-Lights

ON THE

Ten Commandments.

Ten Sunday Lectures

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,
Philadelphia,

BY

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

CONTENTS:

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry. | VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner. |
| II. The Law of Retribution. | VII. The Sanctity of the Home. |
| III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs. | VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man." |
| IV. Through Labor to Rest. | IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name." |
| V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs. | X. A Plea for Noble Ambition. |
- P. 111 m*

PHILADELPHIA:

OSCAR KLONOWER Publisher.

WORKS BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

THE JEWS AND MOORS IN SPAIN.

A Romance and a History. 8vo., 246 pages. Cloth bound..... \$1.00

CONTENTS:

Chapter I—A Day in Cordova. “ II—Europe during the Dark Ages. “ III—Continued. “ IV—Return to Cordova. “ V—The Arab-Moors. “ VI—A Sabbath Eve in Cordova. “ VII—Continued. “ VIII—Entrance of Jews into Europe. “ IX—Entrance of the Jews into Spain	Chapter X—Their Position in Medical Science “ XI—In the Sciences. “ XII—In Literature. “ XIII—In Philosophy. “ XIV—In the Industries. “ XV—The Inquisition. “ XVI—The Expulsion of the Jews. “ XVII—The Dispersion of the Jews. “ XVIII—Effect of the Expulsion.
--	--

EVOLUTION AND JUDAISM.

8vo., 342 pages. Cloth bound..... \$1 00

CONTENTS:

I. The Dynamic and the Static Force of Religion II. Evolution and the Bible. III. Creation and the Bible. IV. Matter and Force. V. The Nebular Hypothesis. VI. Darwinism. VII. Primeval Man. VIII. Evolution of Man, Intellectually. IX. Evolution of Man, Socially.	X. Evolution of Man, Religiously. XI. Evolution of Man, Morally. XII. Evolution of God. XIII. Evolution of Immortality. XIV. Evolution of Worship XV. Evolution of Judaism. XVI. Summary. Glossary. Index
--	---

SUNDAY LECTURES.

Series V. 1891-1892. Neatly bound in Cloth, Gilt Edges, with engraving of the Rabbi..... \$1.50

CONTENTS:

1. Theologies many—Religion one. 2. Who wrote the Pentateuch? 3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew. 4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew. 5. Darkness before the Dawn. 6. On the Threshold. 7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.) 8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.) 9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.) 10. Jesus in the Synagogue. 11. To-Day better than Yesterday. 12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School. 13. Civilization's Debt to Woman. 14. Civilization's Duty to Woman. 15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."	16. Justice—Not Charity. 17. A Personal Interest Society. <div style="text-align: center; margin-top: 10px;">Glint-Lights on The Ten Commandments.</div> 18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry. 19. II. The Law of Retribution. 20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs 21. IV. Through Labor to Rest. 22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs 23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner. 24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home. 25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man." 26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name." 27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition. 28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.
---	---

JEWISH CONVERTS, PERVERTS AND DISSENTERS.

CONTENTS:

I. True and False Converts. II. Jesus—A Jew, and not a Christian. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentle. IV. Forced Converts. V. Allured Perverts. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.	VIII. Boerne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance. IX. Isaac Disraeli—A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert and yet a Jew XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
---	--

Pamphlet form 50 cents.

THE SERVICE RITUAL. Composed of thirty completely different English Services, including Hymns, suitable for Friday evening or Sunday morning services, and also for home service. 12mo, 205 pages. Cloth bound..... \$.50
 Bound in Morocco, Gilt Edges..... 1.00

The above Books are for Sale by **OSCAR KLONOWER, 1435 Euclid Ave., Phila.**
 and will be sent on Receipt of Price to any part of the U. S. and Canada.

Stack
Annex

SRLE
URL
BM
740
K83
1892

Ancient and Modern Idolatry

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 21st, 1892.

Exod. xx. 3. לא יהיה לך אלהים אחרים

It was a sad day, that fatal Sabbath, when Pompey and his legions battered down the Temple-walls of Jerusalem, slew 12,000 patriots within its gates, and made Judea a vassal and tributary of Rome.

For yet another cause that day was sad, perhaps saddest for that cause. The enemy had desecrated the sanctuary. The Holy of Holies empty.

Into the Holy of Holies, into which not even the Israelite, not even the under-priest, was permitted to set his foot, no one save the High Priest, and he only once a year for a few moments, on the sacred Atonement-Day, Pompey and his soldiers had forced their way, had lifted its veil with profane hand, to feast their eyes on the sights and mysteries behind. But, the disappointment of the Romans was even greater than the consternation of the Jews. They had expected to behold wonderful sights, and they saw nothing. The space was filled—with emptiness.*

Yes, empty was the space within the Holy of Holies. Even the Holy Ark, with its two granite tablets on which were graven the Ten Commandments, was no longer there. Only the foundation stones were there to designate the place where it had stood. It had disappeared at the time of the Babylonian Captivity, some five hundred years before. But, though empty to the Roman, for the Jew it was filled with the presence and glory of his invisible and incorporeal God. Yet filled with the presence of the invisible Jehovah.

Though Pompey saw nothing; there, the High Priest saw more and felt more during his annual few minutes' presence within that awful precinct than all the Greek and Roman masters could have sculptured into stone or painted on canvas. There was the spiritual abode of Jehovah. There the people, represented in their High Priest, stood face to face with their God. The emptiness and loneliness and darkness of the place was overawing. For days in advance the High Priest got himself in spiritual readiness for that annual entrance into the Holy of Holies, for the purpose of making intercession for his people. When the hour came, he entered it with trembling foot, and when behind the veil, the people without waited in breathless suspense, for it had occurred that alarm and terror so overwhelmed the High Priest within that awful precinct, that he never returned from it alive.

* Josephus : *Antiquities*, XIV, Chap. iv, 3-4; Tacitus : *Historiæ*, v. 9.

Yes, empty was the Holiest Place of the Sanctuary of Jerusalem, and dark. Except for the moment, when the High Priest lifted the veil to pass into it, and when the space reflected the crimson light that arose from the censer on which the incense burnt, not a ray of light entered it all the year. And yet from out that darkness there has issued a light that has illumined the earth. The small shrine, that once alone afforded dwelling-place to the invisible God of the Universe, has broadened its confines till now it embraces our whole globe. The name *Jehovah*, that then was uttered but once a year by a single priest, in but a single sanctuary, is uttered now, with reverence and in worship, in thousands of sanctuaries, by hundreds of millions of people, all over the world. The God of the Jews, that to the Romans seemed so poor as not to be able to command the service of a single sculptor or painter, has overthrown the proudest products of the ancient masters, has driven the sculptured and painted gods and goddesses of the Pantheons into the Museum, and has put into their places those master-builders of modern civilization, who toiled and achieved in the service of the Unseen God.

We are not surprised at the Roman's amazement over the emptiness of the Holy of Holies, over the absence of idols in the sanctuary of Jerusalem, and his ridiculing the Jews for worshipping 'nothing but clouds.' Worship, without a vivid conception and an actual perception of the object worshipped, seemed impossible to the Roman. Homer had spoiled the Greeks and their Roman heirs for theological abstractions. They had to have their Mount Olympus, had to people it with gods and goddesses, very much like themselves, of similar virtues and failings, and had to surround themselves with images of them in their Temples, on their public squares, in their homes. And unless they had thus surrounded themselves with visible and tangible gods, they never would have worshipped at all. Their mind was still in that child-like state, that needs the picture in the book to explain the text, or to take the place of the text altogether, that endows its toy with life, animates the inanimate, and talks to it as if it were a being alive.

Not so with the Jew. He had passed his childhood-days long before the name of Greek and Roman was even heard of. Before these had yet begun their spelling lessons, he had already delved into profound theological abstractions. A thousand years before Homer sang of the wars and follies and foibles of the gods and goddesses, Abraham prostrated himself before Jehovah. Fifteen hundred years before the Roman soldier marvelled at the absence of images in the Holy of Holies, Moses had placed his prohibition against idolatry at the head of his Ten Commandments. Long before Rome built her scores of Temples to as many different gods, under the charge of as many different sets of priesthoods, and ornamented them, within and without, with no end of images of every size and shape and form, the Jew proclaimed and worshipped the one, invisible, and

Though dark
and empty it has
illumined and
filled the earth.

Immature mind
needs visible god.

Mature Jewish
mind grasps an
abstract God-
Idea.

universal God, taught that no finite mind shall perceive, or can conceive, the Infinite, held every attempt at picturing a God, who is as eternal as time, as universal as space, to be a blasphemy against God, and a grievous injury to man.

He had learned from experiences of his own, and from observations among others, that idolatry thwarts the development of mind. It places a piece of wood or stone an animal or a human being in front of man and says: This is your god, this the author and keeper of the universe, such and such his attributes, this believe, and further seek not. The great mysteries that encompass man being thus easily disposed of, the mind gives itself no further trouble about ferreting out the awful and the everlasting secret, and one of the greatest stimuli to thought is withdrawn from it. Worship becomes a mechanical exercise. It is a must—not a desire; a fear—not an inspiration. The ubiquitous presence of the images lessens the heart's awe before them, begets that familiarity that breeds contempt. And a god-belief with little in it to set the mind to thinking, and to inspire the heart with awe, develops poor specimens of worshippers.

Idolatry thwarts development of mind and heart.

The Jew, therefore, early took his God out of the realm of matter, and put Him into the realm of pure thought, abstracted Him beyond every possibility of visible or tangible representation, made Him a subject of speculation rather than of knowledge, a Being, whose nature and essence are never to be known, only to be conjectured through His manifestations in the material world without, and in the spiritual world within. Never seen, and but faintly conceived, He continued to be the great mystery, that constantly drew the mind of man towards attempting solutions, towards tracing His hand-writing in the great volume of Nature, or feeling the pulsations of His existence in the growing harvests, in the rolling oceans, in the revolving planets, in the roaring thunder, in the still small voice of conscience, in the destinies of nations, in the fates of people. Here was a mine of thought, which the research of all the centuries since has not succeeded to exhaust. Here was revelation enough to constantly urge the mind to new inquiries, and enough of wonder and glory, of evidences of Divine guidance and of fatherly design and forethought, to keep heart and soul in constant awe and reverence.

An invisible God a constant stimulus for heart and mind development.

The influence, which this prohibition against having any other God than the invisible, incomprehensible Jehovah, with its implied command, and included necessity for constant search after His true nature and essence, had on the preservation and development of the people of Israel, can not be overestimated. It made of them a people of reasoners, a profoundly religious race, and against such a people the surrounding idolatrous nations strove in vain. They had not the leisure for wars of conquest, nor the time for fostering the arts. They had theological schools to found and immortal works to write. Theirs was not a ready-made God in whom they had but to believe. They had to find their God, to solve

The God-idea of the Jews made of them a race of thinkers, and preserved them as a people.

the problem of His existence, of His nature and essence. And the conclusions they arrived at were too dearly bought to be surrendered at the enemy's demand. They could take their country, their all, their life, but not their God. They could make them bow before tyrants but never before idols. They could take their rights but not their belief. They could violate their homes and tear their dearest from them, and, if powerless, they would bear their misfortune resignedly; but when they attempted to violate their Temples, to sacrifice there to a heathen god, or to erect there an image, or to pass through the streets of Jerusalem bearing images, even if but an emperor's effigy on their standards, they would rise in all their might and fury, even against overwhelming numbers, and heroically fight for their God, where they might not have raised as much as a finger to fight for themselves.

I would be guilty, however, of inaccuracy or partiality, were I to lead you to believe, that the ancient Jews were always wholly free from idolatrous beliefs and practices. The absence of images from a place of worship argues as little the presence of pure monotheism, as the presence of images proves absolute polytheism. Many a pagan writer has left behind hymns and prayers, through which breathes a purer monotheism than through the writings of many a monotheistic scribe. If we analyze the polytheistic system carefully, we have even no difficulty of tracing a monotheistic undercurrent through most of them, especially during their earlier stages. They recognize one Chief God, no matter how many minor gods they acknowledge. And to that Chief God they generally ascribe attributes and powers, such as the ancient Jews ascribed to the God they worshipped. Some of the minor gods seem to have stood at first for other names, or for the attributes, of the Chief God, till their origin was forgotten, and they became independent personalities, till such different appellations of the same Deity as "the Ruler," "the Most High," "the Almighty," "the Eternal," "the Lord," "the Creator," came to be looked upon as different and independent deities.

In the Old Testament, too, there are traces of such mistakings of the different attributes or names of the same Supreme Power for different gods. The different tribes seem to have had, at first, their own tutelar gods. When they consolidated into a nation, they seem to have combined their different gods into a group, under the name of *Elohim* (gods), and later on merged this group into *One God*, under the name of *Jehovah*, frequently in conjunction with the group-name *Elohim*. Till the Babylonian captivity; however, the back-slidings into polytheism and the worship of many gods were frequent. "According to the number of thy cities are thy gods, O Judah" lamented the prophet Jeremiah. Not content with returning to the worship of their own earlier gods, they frequently followed the gods of the surrounding people, and imitated their idolatrous practices.* And even when faithful to the One God, their conception of

Jews, however, not always absolute monotheists, nor others absolute polytheists.

Un-monotheistic God-conception before the Babylonian exile.

*See Judges xvii; I Kings xi, xii; II Kings xx; Ezek. viii, 3-12.

Him, often differs little, if any, from the anthropomorphic conceptions of the polytheistic peoples. God is represented as walking on earth and holding conversations with man, as shutting the door of the ark behind Noah, as coming down to see the city and tower that man had built, as smelling the sweet savor of bloody sacrifice, as tempting Abraham to slay his son, as drawing the design of the Tabernacle, and the pattern of the priestly garments, as conniving with treachery and crime, as indulging in violent outbursts of passion, and in frightful attacks of cruelty, often for very slight offenses. It was Jehovah they worshipped, not in the sense of an incorporeal, incomprehensible spirit, but as an absolute Oriental tyrant. Moses overestimated their mental capacity, when he asked them to cast aside idolatry, as he himself, and the prophets many centuries after him learned to their sorrow. Not till a thousand years later, not till after their return from the Babylonian captivity, not till they had passed from their period of childhood and youth into mature age, could they be weaned from their own earlier gods, or from the idols of the surrounding nations.

And even after that, the idolatrous spirit clung to them, and with but few exceptions has not left them to this day. They ceased, indeed, to worship other gods, and they have remained heroically faithful to Jehovah ever since. But they connected the worship of Him with rites and ceremonies that once belonged to idols, and to these rites and ceremonies they attached an importance and a sanctity, which in course of time turned them into an idolatry. The service at the Temple of Jerusalem presented the strange anomaly of a monotheistic God in a polytheistic garb, of an idolatrous worship of a spiritual abstraction, of ascribing human attributes to an invisible, incorporeal, incomprehensible Being. In the same breath, in which they spoke of Jehovah as the Universal Father, they appropriated Him exclusively for themselves. They declared: the Heaven of Heavens could not contain Him, and yet shut Him in within their Holy of Holies. They spoke of Him as the One and Only God, and yet on the Atonement-Day they sent the scape-goat into the wilderness to appease the demons. They spoke of Him as a God of love and mercy, and yet crouched and trembled before Him, as if He were some cruel tyrant, and the Temple-mount daily reeked with the blood of innocent animals, sacrificed to appease His anger or to bribe His favor.

It is only too true, that with the cessation of one idolatry after the Babylonian captivity, another one sprang up, which, if not as debasing as its predecessor, has proved itself more ineradicable. The intentions of the puritanic Ezra, very likely, were the best. To keep the people from any further back-slidings into idolatrous beliefs and practices, he chained them, hand and foot, heart and soul, to a mass of rigid forms and rites and ceremonies, from which it was almost impossible to break away. They effected their object, better perhaps than even Ezra had anticipated, better perhaps than he had desired. Israel never again slid back into idol-worship. They had

Un-monotheistic beliefs and practices after the exile.

God-idolatries replaced by ceremonial idolatries

no occasion to, for they had turned their forms and rites and ceremonies into an idolatry.

Of the Torah, the Pentateuch-Scroll, they made an idol, and they accorded it a sanctity amounting to worship. They even spoke of it as a Spiritual Being. They decked it with the finest fabrics, and ornamented it with the costliest metals and jewels. The place it occupied in the synagogue became the Holy of Holies, and its taking from the shrine constituted the height and glory of the service. To touch it with unclean hands meant its pollution, to drop it to the ground, required a fast of the congregation in expiation. They carried it about in the synagogue like an idol, and they crowded to touch or kiss it. Woman was never to touch it, not even to come near it, it was too holy for such creatures as she. And as to its contents, that was regarded from beginning to end the work and word of God, that required implicit belief, and unquestioning observance. To doubt a word of it had excommunication for its consequence. For temporary institutions and local laws an eternal and universal obedience was demanded. And, as if it did not already contain more commands and more prohibitions than the average man could live up to, they turned and twisted words and letters and dots into new commands and new prohibitions, until they made life a hardship, and religion a torture.

The Sabbath, that had been instituted for rest and recreation and pleasure, was changed into a day of endless restrictions. Like the Pentateuch, it was turned into an idol. And a gloomy idol it was. From sunset of Friday to sunset of Saturday the Jew found himself encompassed by a sea of *Don't's*, the violation of a single one of which constituted a heinous sin. Rather than violate any one of these, it was taught: it was better to sacrifice one's country, fortune, health, even life. We have a striking illustration of this in Pompey's capture of the Temple on the Sabbath-day, of which I spoke before. But for the refusal of the Jews, who had in every way the advantage, to attack the Romans on the Sabbath-Day, Pompey, as Josephus shows us, might never have been able to batter down the Temple walls, nor massacre the 12,000 patriots, nor drag princes of Israel behind his triumphal-car through the streets of Rome, nor inaugurate that awful catastrophe that was to receive its fatal finishing touch by Titus, a century later. Three times in the History of Israel this idolatrous regard for the Sabbath was the occasion of Jerusalem being taken by the enemy, and more frequently still was it the cause of frightful carnage, the enemy taken advantage of their refusal to defend themselves on the Sabbath-Day. Thus was the Sabbath, that was instituted for the good of man, turned into a supposed benefit to God, so narrowed had the God-conception in Israel, and to such an elevation had the Sabbath idol been raised.

And what is the Sabbath, the Saturday-Sabbath, to the great mass of our people to-day but an idol. Its original intention is wholly lost sight

of. On Saturday they work as hard as on any other working-day, if not harder, and recreate as little, if not less. If they rest or recreate on any day in the week, or, in other words, if they at all observe a *Sabbath*, (which word is the Hebrew for the English word *Rest*) it is on Sunday, on the day following the six working-days, and yet, by a strange contrariness of mind, their hardest working-day in the week they call their *Sabbath*, and the day, on which they faithfully comply with the very letter of the Biblical command, that calls for a day of rest after six of toil, the day on which they rest and recreate, they unblushingly name the first working-day of the week. To such hypocrisy and farce men of reason lend themselves. God be thanked, that their actions at least are more honest than their professions, that the hygienic ends, for which the Sabbath was instituted, are satisfied, that they do make the Sunday their *Sabbath-Day*, their *Day of Rest and Recreation*, even though they say they don't. It is true, they do not worship on Sunday, but for the most part neither on Saturday, nor on any other day of the week. By not worshipping, they do in no way transgress against the Fourth Commandment, which only asks for cessation from work, for rest, but has not a word to say concerning worship, the author of the Sabbath ordinance considering only the good of man, and not the benefit of God, knowing that God will continue to exist without His weekly meed of praise, but not man without his weekly *Day of Rest*.

The Sabbath-idol
of the present
day.

One would hardly think it possible, that men, who observe every detail of the Sabbath command, on Sunday, and violate it in every detail, on Saturday, would dare to talk of *adhering to principle*, solely for refusing to sanctify their Sunday-rest by spending an hour or two with their God in their synagogue; and yet such baseless boasts we are made to hear almost daily. We have yet to find a single prohibition against worshipping on Sunday in our Bible or in any of the Jewish Codices. But well-nigh endless are the prohibitions against work on Saturday, and yet these Sabbath-breakers proudly talk of *principle*, for publicly doing what their Bible tells them not to do, and for not doing what has never been prohibited. What else can this mean, but that such men as these look upon the Sabbath as a sort of idol, that can be satisfied with a mass of hypocritical pretensions? Surely no rational Israelite, with an omniscient and omnipresent and just Jehovah for a God, would dare to attempt to dupe Him with such a hollow mockery.

Only a hollow mockery it is, this pompous talk of principle, that flows so glibly from the tongues of Sabbath-breakers. Those ancient Israelites, who sacrificed their all, even their lives, rather than break the Saturday-Sabbath, they might have talked of principle, and with truth. If their course was not commendable, it was at least honorably consistent. We certainly second the warning the father of the Macabees gave to the fugitives of Modin, after many of them had been slaughtered on account of not defending themselves on the Sabbath-Day, that by observing their law so rigorously they would prove their own enemies, and

benefit their foe through their own inactivity.* Yet we cannot help admiring the self-sacrifice of the slaughtered for what they believed to be *principle*. In our present intense struggle for existence I prefer to see a man observing the Sunday-Sabbath to seeing him prove his own enemy by resting two days in the week, which an observance of the Saturday-Sabbath in our State would mean, thereby affording his competitor the opportunity of crowding him to the wall. Yet, I cannot but admire the man, who heroically sacrifices his own interests for the maintenance of his *principle*. But I have nothing but pity for those, who garner in the dollars on Saturday in the sweat of their brow, and keep their Sabbath-rest on Sunday, and then talk of adhering to principle by attending the Saturday-Service once or twice a year—if that often—for an hour or two, (which loss is often made up by commencing the Saturday work an hour or two earlier, or continuing it so much longer) or by sending their wives or children, or by paying the synagogue-officials, to keep it for them, or by making a shrewd settlement with their Saturday-idol, giving him one-third on Friday evening, and keeping the most profitable two-thirds of the Saturday for themselves, for the pursuit of their respective vocations. I have nothing but pity for those, who spend the Sunday morning with figuring over the profits of their Sabbath-breaking, or with breaking it for mercenary ends as mercilessly as they broke their Saturday-Sabbath, or with snoring in their beds, or with gambling at their clubs, who seldom if ever attend a Saturday-service, and yet denounce our Sunday-Services as *The Sabbath of Convenience*, when we are those, who put the people to the *inconvenience* of spending a portion of the Sunday mornings at the services, and of contributing towards their support, and of exerting their utmost to restore the lost, and to awaken a religious feeling and interest among those, whom the hypocritical and farcical Saturday-idolatry had almost driven from the ranks of Israel.

There are yet other idolatries infesting the Jehovah worship of Israel. There is the Kippur-Day† idol. What a rallying on that day of the scattered forces! What a hurrying to the synagogues. The Kippur-Day idol. of people, who never see the inside of them all the year round! What a fervor—or what farce—in praying and fasting, by people, who perhaps only ceased their sinning with their entrance and will resume it upon their exit, and follow it for another year! What supplications by the pious to Jehovah, who (in painful contradiction of the Jewish conception of Him as an incorporeal and incomprehensible spirit) is believed to hold with His ministering angels awful court in heaven on that day, and to pronounce and seal the coming year's destiny for each mortal.

There is the *Kaddish*‡ idol. Well may the most stately edifice, the most inspiring choir, the most eloquent preacher, envy his attractive powers, for all these combined will often fail to bring The Kaddish-idol people into the House of Worship, while the *Kaddish-idol* succeeds in bringing them there, without any difficulty, and in keeping.

*Josephus, Antiqu. XII, Chap. vi, 2. †Atonement-Day. ‡Mourner's Prayer.

them there till the year of mourning is over, to the day, and not a day longer, and in keeping them away, till another death ushers them in for another year. I have read of a physician, who daily offered up a prayer to God to prosper his profession, by visiting many people with sickness. Who would not forgive some of those unfortunate preachers, who are not blessed with large Saturday-attendance, if now and then, they would secretly offer up a prayer, that God might keep them supplied at least with a Kaddish-*Minyan*,* to enable them to conduct services at all? Without the Kaddish-Idol, I know not, what in some congregations, would become of the Jehovah-worship.

There is the Hebrew-language-Idol. The God, of whom, on the one side, omniscience is postulated as one of his chief attributes, and for whom knowledge of all languages, and of all hearts, before yet tongue utters articulate speech, is claimed, is, The Hebrew-language idol. on the other side believed to listen to prayers only when offered in the Hebrew tongue. And, therefore, are poor children tortured into learning a dead language, which they no sooner learn than they forget it. And therefore, are whole pages of Hebrew prayers offered and read, of whose meaning the reader or listener is as innocent as the new-born babe.

And there are yet other idolatries in connection with the Jehovah worship, such as the insistence upon the Oriental fashion of worshipping with covered head, with praying-scarf, and phylacteries, And other idols. the prohibition of instrumental music and of family-pews in the House of Worship, the *Bar Mitzvah*, that turns a lad of thirteen into a full-fledged member of the Congregation of Israel upon reciting a Hebrew Benediction over the Scroll, the *Matzoth*† diet on the Passover; *Shofar*‡ alarm on the New Year; the *Mezzuzoth*-amulets, the *Tashlich* Sin-transference, and a host of others, of which I have not the time to-day to speak.

We have no reason to feel ashamed that a Roman General, two thousand years ago, found our *Holy of Holies* empty. We have much reason to be proud that that emptiness has illumined and filled the earth, that the Jehovah-idea of our fathers has conquered half the world, and is fast-conquering the other half. But we cannot yet rest on our laurels, and flatter ourselves that Israel's monotheism is driving idolatry from off the face of the earth. Pure monotheism is yet a rarity. We find it blazoning on a million banners, but when we look close, we rarely find it free from idolatrous adulterations. We hear loud professions of belief in an invisible and incorporeal and inconceivable God, and alongside it: a Trinity, a Holy Family, a Mediator, a God assuming human form, and walking the earth and ascending again, bowing before images, drinking and eating the blood and body of God, exorcising evil spirits with holy water, and many others. Much work remains still to be done in cleaning pure monotheism from its idolatrous accretions. But the hand that would clean others must be clean itself. Before looking at others' sin, we must look at our own. Before trying to remove the idolatries of others, we must first remove our own idolatrous Jehovah-pollutions. Even unto us, as unto Israel in the wilderness, apply the words of Moses: *Thou shalt have no other gods, beside Jehovah!*

*Quorum of ten adults necessary for communal prayer. †Unleavened Passover-bread.

‡Ram's horn.



The Law of Retribution.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 28th, 1892.

פקד עון אבת על-בנים . . . עשה חסד לאלפים . . .
(Exod. xx, 5. 6) . . .
ארך אפים ורב חסד . . . ונקמה לא ינקמה
(Exod. xxxiv, 6. 7)
עת לאהב ואת לשנא
(Eccl. iii, 8)

Sweet is the low murmur of the sportive rivulet; sweet the soft lullaby of the flower-rocking zephyr; sweet the dreamy quiet of some secluded forest retreat. Grand is the noisy sweep of the swollen stream; grand are the mighty ocean's rapturous embraces of the rocky shore; grand the rushing of the wind o'er field and through forest. But grandest, most majestic, most awe-inspiring of all, is nature in her wrath and fury, rushing with the hurricane through the forest, splintering and laying low the mighty time-defying giants as if they were so many reeds, tearing through the populous cities, scattering ruin and devastation all along her path; or when with deafening thunder she roars through the ill-presaging, fast-flying clouds, or leaps, astride the forked and blinding lightning, from rattling crag to crag; when she stirs up the vast ocean to its lowest depth, and hurls its frenzied waves and billows against the strongest crafts of man, and tosses them about as if they were so many straws, and sends terror and dismay into the bravest hearts aboard or on shore.

Grandeur of nature in storm.

Sweet is the winsome prattle of the little two- or three-year old; sweet the little nothings breathed by lover into the ears of his beloved; sweet the placid face of some saint at prayer; sweet the angelic voice of some Sister of Mercy at the bedside of the sick. Grand is the eloquence of the inspired orator; grand are the weighty words that drop from the lips of the hoary-headed master; grand the human face animated with sympathy and compassion; grand the fire of enthusiasm flashing from the eye of patriot. But grandest of all is the sight of man burning with righteous indignation, from whose eyes dart the shafts of withering scorn, and annihilating contempt, whose voice thunders forth scathing denunciations of the wrong done; whose bosom heaves under the violence of his outraged feelings, whose hand is raised to clutch the evil-doer and dash him to destruction, whose foot stamps the floor as if to crush the viper under his heel.

Grandeur of man in righteous indignation.

Grand is that Biblical God-conception, that fancies Him spanning the heavens with the rainbow as his everlasting pledge that He will never

Grandeur of God in His wrath. again curse the earth or smite every living thing as He had recently done with the flood;* grander that other conception, that fancies Him declaring in the hearing of Moses, that He is merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, rewards the righteous unto the thousandth generation, roots out sin, yet never lets the sinner go unpunished;† but the grandest, the most awe-inspiring, the boldest of all, is that God-conception, that represents Him on Sinai's top burning with righteous indignation over Israel's speedy turning from Him to the worship of the golden calf, declaring that He will consume them, at once, in the fire of His wrath, and thus have done with them forever.‡

Grand is that sketch of the character of Moses, that represents him pleading with God for sinful Israel, assuaging His wrath, inducing Him to repent of the evil He intended to bring upon Israel; Grandeur of Moses in his just anger. grander those other sketches, that describe his courageous facing and pacifying the frequent uprisings and seditions of the rebellious people; but the grandest sketch of all is that, which tells of his exceeding wrath at the sight of Israel dancing about the golden calf, of his hurling the two tablets of stone, on which the Ten Commandments were graven, to the foot of the mountain, dashing them to pieces, of his grinding the molten calf to powder, of his calling the faithful to his side and bidding them to aid him in exterminating the base and ungrateful idolators.

The gentle, the soft, the peaceful, whether in scenery or in character, is ever sweet, ever comforting, ever welcome. Yet there is a grandeur in storm, in agitation, in passionate outburst of righteous indignation, in inflicting just and merited punishment, that is never reached by any other phase of nature, or by any other trait of man. Both are needed in the economy of existence. Both have their time and place. The one must relieve the other as the night relieves the day, or as winter alternates with summer. The dead calm breeds noxious poisons. Unbroken quiet breeds mutual stagnation and moral disease. Peaceful submission, patient bearing of the yoke, nurtures tyranny. Unrebuked, unpunished wrong-doing turns right-doing from an obligation into an option. The belief that "letting well enough alone" is better than strife and agitation and exertion is the doom of progress. The violent storm, the killing frost, the roaring thunder, the flashing lightning, the drenching torrent, all these are indispensable needs for purifying and invigorating earth and air. The loud voice of just protest, the fearless denunciation of wrong, the merciless extirpation of evil, the Moses's thundering defiance into the ears of the Pharaohs, and storming through the rebellious camps, sword in hand, the Nathans and the Knoxes flinging their "*Thou art the man,*" "*Thou art the woman*" in the face of voluptuous and murderous kings and queens, the Luthers defying, in the face of death, corrupted heads of Church and

* Gen. viii. 9. † Exod. xxxiv, 6. 7. ‡ Exod. xxxii.

realm, the Patrick Henrys terrifying base henchmen of tyranny, and inflaming the hearts of brave patriots, with their fiery eloquence, the William Lloyd Garrisons preferring to be dragged through the streets with halters around their necks, to bridling their tongues in their unsparing castigations of the enemies of freedom, all these are men and means that are ever needed to keep the fabric of society sound and safe, free and progressive, without whose timely agitations and storms, unsparing severities and fearless dispensation of just and deserved punishment, the gentle and the sweet and the peaceful in society would soon become an utter impossibility.

Indignation over conscious and heartless wrong done, is an instinct of human nature. To see crime meet with its deserved punishment is as strong a yearning of our souls as to see virtue rewarded.

Not to hate the oppressor, not to loathe the vicious, not to desire to see the unrepentent cruel punished, is even more revolting to the rational mind than not loving the pure and the innocent, the true and the good. He that cannot hate the wrong, cannot truly love the right. If too weak to hate, he is not strong enough to love. Great lovers of mankind are great haters of the enemies of man. Great patriots are great haters of tyrants. The great lovers of justice and truth have ever been the great haters of injustice and falsehood. To love everything, good and bad, to forgive everything, to be indifferent to the sway of wrong, or to attempt to wipe it out by means of prayer-meeting whines, or emotional sentimentalism, is not a virtue,—if not a mental aberration, it is a social crime.

Rational man is so constituted that, whether he will or not, he must love the right and hate the wrong. It was Goethe who preached that

“Man’s nature, in its narrow scope, demands
The twofold sentiment of love and hate.”

(*Torquato Tasso*, Act IV, Sc. ii.)

One may deliver honey-tongued sermons, or write sweet-scented essays, on the beauties of loving all and forgiving everything. But to do this, one must lock himself within his study or church, and walk the streets blindfolded, and close his ears against hearing the soul-harrowing stories of injustice and cruelty, and never permit book and newspaper to come into his hand, and never set his foot in the districts of the vicious and criminal, in the criminal court or in the morgue. To do this, one must never read of Russian Siberian outrages and Jewish persecutions, never hear religious peoples’ angelic professions in their churches, and devilish practices outside of them, never see a son’s heartless treatment of his aged and helpless mother, or a brutal husband strike weak and defenseless wife and children, never see a millionaire landlord turning in mid-winter a poverty-ridden family into the streets, never hear of innocence betrayed or assaulted. To do this, one must never feel the pang of seeing his own name and purposes maligned, the honor of his own family besmirched, of having his own hard-earned savings torn from him, of seeing his own just rights

Hatred of wrong
an instinct of our
nature.

So, too, the desire
to see it justly
punished.

trampled upon, of baring his own back to the tyrant's cruel lash. If then he can love him who has but hate for him, if then he can forgive him who effected his and his family's ruin and shame, if then he can kiss the hand that smites him, if then he can say in the language of Shylock :

“ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies ”

I'll offer you my love and my esteem,—if this he do, he is not responsible for his sayings and doings. The church may canonize him, but rational people will most probably regard him as one whose mind has been unbalanced by excess of suffering.

The authors of the Bible give us in each of the Testaments, and in the most illustrious personages of each, striking confirmations of the truth of the perhaps strange-sounding doctrines, which I have just enunciated, namely, that hatred of wrong is as much of an instinct of human nature as is the love of right, and that it is easier to write and talk of the virtue of loving all characters and forgiving all offenses, than to practice it when brought face to face with them. The Old Testament tells of Moses that he was very meek, more than any other man on the face of the earth,* and his actions and words, in many instances,† prove that this was not unmerited praise. But in the presence of insolence and cruelty and grievous wrong, that meekness frequently changes into burning indignation. There is little meekness in his murderous onslaught on the Egyptian taskmaster for cruel treatment of one of his down-trodden brethren.‡ Fervent and touching is his supplication on Sinai's height, that God may forgive the idolatry of his wayward people, and not exterminate them, and it is no small compliment to him that his eloquence and logic and influence should have succeeded in annulling the fatal decree. But what difference between the Moses at the top, and the Moses at the bottom, of the mountain ! When his own eyes beheld the people's ravings around their molten idol, he thought no more of his eloquent entreaty for forgiveness, nor of his logical argument, which had proved so powerful with God. His wrath waxed exceedingly hot, and with sword in hand, and with an armed force at his side, he himself entered upon that very extermination, which but a short time before he had prevented God from doing. On top, he merely talked about what he saw not and felt not ; at the bottom, he saw and felt the wrong, and seeing and feeling it meant hating it, and an eager desire to punish its perpetrators to prevent its repetition.

We have a somewhat similar illustration in the New Testament of the difference between theoretic love and forgiveness of the wrong-doer, and the hatred of him when brought in real contact with him. Nowhere perhaps is the lesson of loving the enemy, of forgiving offense, of patiently submitting to outrage, more forcibly inculcated than in the Gospels. The Christian is there rigidly enjoined to resist no evil, to turn also the right cheek to him who

Illustrated by
Jesus.

* Numb. xii, 3. † Cf. Numb. xi. xii. xiv. xvi. ‡ Exod. ii, 11-12.

smites him on the left, to surrender also the cloak to him who takes his coat, to do good to him that harms him, and to suffer, without resentment and punishment, a number of other insults and indignities and wrongs. But as beautiful as these lessons were to listen to and to read, so impossible were they for real practice, and not only for those to whom they were enjoined, but even to Jesus himself, who enjoined them. Those bitter invectives, which he, according to the Gospel stories, hurled at the heads of the Scribes and Pharisees, betoken little love of the enemy, less of blessing those that cursed him, and least of non-resistance of evil. One is at a loss to find even a trace of love and forgiveness in such abusive epithets as "you hypocrites," "you whited sepulchres," "you fools and blind," "you serpents, you generation of vipers."* His rushing into the Temple-court, scourge in hand, driving out those that offered there sacrificial animals for sale, over-turning the tables of those that exchanged the money of foreign Jews, who came to bring their offerings, and denouncing them as thieves,† may witness to his pious zeal, and to his wrathful indignation over what to him seemed a wrong, but it is poor practice of his own doctrine of loving the enemy, of resisting no evil, of doing good to those that do wrong, and the like. And if impossible for the lawgiver himself to practice his own laws, we can not be surprised at the non-observance of these precepts by almost the whole Christian world, from the time they were first given to this day. Their fearful contentions, their bloody wars, frightful massacres, terrible persecutions, their racks and blocks and stakes and gibbets, their crowded penitentiaries, their clerical hatreds, their social ostracisms and restrictions, all these tell but too plainly the truth that man cannot love all his enemies, nor forgive all offenses, nor submit to all insults and outrages, nor to let all wrong-doers go unpunished.

And he cannot, because he shall not. It may seem brutal to the sentimental emotionalist, but without it we all would still have been brutes. Moral evolution is not a hot-house plant, or a prayer-meeting product. It will not thrive on rose-water or honeyed sentiments. It must wrestle with the elements. Its soil must be saturated with blood. Pain and despair must moan and groan through its branches. It must endure the summer's scorching shafts and the winter's biting frosts, before it can grow into a tree fit to grace a Paradise.

Sin shall not escape the condemnation of the righteous nor the punishment of the just is a law graven on our hearts. It is our soul's inheritance from God. It is its dower received from the hand of Nature herself. For it is thus that God and nature deal with wrong, and thus have they ever dealt with it.

It is that law, which modern scholars have only now succeeded in grasping, and in turning into a science, but which the Old Testament writers have formulated thousands of years ago, and have deemed important enough to place among the very first of their Ten Commandments. It is

* St. Mat. xxiii, 13-33. † St. John ii; St. Mark xi.

Sin shall not escape punishment

Is the immutable Law of Nature.

that command, which, told in the language of modern science, says that the Laws of Nature are eternal, immutable, inviolable. If heeded and obeyed, they yield their blessed reward, even to remote generations, but if transgressed, punishment is sure to follow, and transmit itself to future descendants. Fire shall give us warmth, shall aid our industries, shall further our progress, shall benefit by its helpful service not only us but also those that shall come after us. But if we heed not its laws, or transgress against them, it will turn from an abject slave to an inexorable tyrant, and smite us painfully, fatally, or lay our proudest possessions in ashes, no matter whether home or school, church or hospital. Water, like fire, has been given us to be one of the supports of life. But if we wantonly violate its laws, or fail to exercise the necessary care, it will injure or destroy those whom before it aided and blessed, and neither prayer nor bribe will stay its destruction till its wrath has spent itself. Air is to serve us as the main stay of life. Every breath of it is to send new currents of strength and energy and health into our system. But if we wantonly expose ourselves to it when it is chill and damp, if we neglect to preserve its purity, if we suffer it to become contaminated with filth and pollution, it will change from benefactor to implacable enemy, poison our system, no matter whether we be saint or sinner, torture us with disease, and not infrequently transmit its poison and its torture even to our children and children's children.

What is true of the Laws of Nature is equally true of the Laws of Morality. They, too, are inviolable. No one can transgress against them with impunity. No one can defy them without bringing punishment upon himself—worse still, without transmitting that punishment to his children and children's children. If he corrupts himself, the corruption will long cling to him and his, and wreak its vengeance till eliminated. If he wantonly saps his vitality, a weak and degenerated posterity will testify to the sin of its ancestry. If he bring shame upon his name, three and four generations will pass before it will be erased from the family's escutcheon or conscience.*

The punishment may be slow in coming, but come it will. God, as the Old Testament writer already observed, is patient and long-suffering,

but He never lets the sinner go unpunished, and the punishment often is all the severer for His longer patience. The storm is never so violent and never so destructive as when it comes after a long dead calm. The avenging hand that is slowest to rise, often deals the quickest and most telling blows. So true is this, that it has become a proverb of every literature-possessing people. "The mill of the gods grinds late, but it grinds to powder" spake the ancient Greeks. "The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool," "God has His own time and His own way," wrote the ancient Romans. "So long goes the pitcher to the well, till its handle breaks" is the familiar adage of the Germans. "God comes with leaden feet, but strikes

Punishment may be slow in coming—but it comes

*For fuller treatment, see Lecture: *Heredity*, Series III, No. 18.

with iron hand" is a common English saying. And in like manner do the other civilized peoples of the earth confirm the truth, that in the divine dispensation of justice sentence delayed does not mean sin overlooked, or pardoned.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

Friedr. von Logau, Transl. by Henry W. Longfellow.

But, though a truth, universally recognized, and confirmed by centuries of experience, long-deferred punishment has ever encouraged the sinner in his evil, and perplexed the righteous. Already in Biblical times, Koheleth preached: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."* And the question: "Why does the sinner prosper?" is already the despairing cry of Job. Job judged the sinner by outward appearances, and pronounced him happy and spared, before yet he had seen his or his children's last days. He could not peer into the sinner's conscience, and see there the harrowing scenes and ghastly processions, such as Hamlet has enacted before his father's murderer or such as haunt the sleep or dreams of Richard III; nor had he heard the words that Solon spake to the wealthy and powerful Croesus: 'No man is to be deemed happy till he has ended in a happy way,' to which we may add, or until his children or children's children have ended in a happy way. When Jacob returned from his uncle Laban blessed with wives and children, and with a great abundance of earthly goods, it is likely that his neighbors shook their heads and said: "This man deceived his old and blind father, and defrauded his brother, and for his punishment he has wealth and power and influence and happiness. What good in being righteous, when evil yields such rich rewards?" A score of years later, when hearing of the loss of his favorite wife and son, of the contentions and vices and strifes of his children, of the miseries and sorrows of his old age, they perhaps recognized that there is retribution, that punishment may tarry long, yet come it will. "There is no God, there is no Justice, else this fiend Robespierre would long since have been struck down by his vengeance," moaned, perhaps, the terror-stricken people of Paris during the Reign of Terror. But when they saw his head drop from the guillotine, perhaps they bowed their heads and said: "There is retributive justice even in this world." Those were true words which Anne of Austria, Queen of France, said to Cardinal Richelieu, her implacable enemy: "My Lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week or month or year; but I charge you, remember that He pays in the end."

Our impatience over God's patience often prevents our seeing that Retributive Justice moves slowly, imperceptibly, but not the less surely,

*Ecl. viii. 2.

Impatience over
God's patience.

like the small hand across the dial plate. We may not see it move, but when the hour for striking comes, it is at the striking place.

"There is a time, and justice marks the date,
For long-forbearing clemency to wait;
That hour elapsed, the incurable revolt
Is punished, and down comes the thunder-bolt." Cowper.

You step into your garden after the storm has spent its force, and are amazed to find the strongest, proudest tree prostrate on the ground. It had all along seemed to you the embodiment of strength. You examine it, and you no longer wonder why. The bark has hid from view a rotten interior. For years, the slow process of decay has been going on within, till corruption had eaten out its very core, and when the storm came, it toppled over, as if it were some toy-tree from some child's Noah's ark. In this fallen tree you see the symbol of some of your apparently healthy and happy and prosperous men of sin. For years, they have gone on dissipating, corrupting, sinning, against the Laws of Nature and Morality. Outwardly they bear the signs of prosperity, of health, of happiness. But the moral rottenness is eating deeper and deeper, till, when least expected, you see them prostrate in incurable disease, in death, or in chains in some penitentiary; and the Cain's sign of disease and sin and shame stamped deep upon their families.

To our poor understanding the suffering of innocent posterity for the sins of ancestry often seems unjust, and a poor verification of the Biblical

Posterity's brief
suffering for
ancestry's sin.

claim, that God is merciful and gracious and abundant in goodness, mentioned in connection with the awful decree.*

But this very decree, awful as it seems, may perhaps contain one of the strongest proofs of the goodness and mercy of God. In visiting punishment for transgression against inviolable natural and moral laws, God has not His own but man's and society's good in view. If these laws could be transgressed with impunity there never would be, nor could be, any civilization or morality. If man has transgressed, he must suffer, that he may not transgress again; and that others may be deterred by the example of his sufferings; and society shall suffer, that it may see to it that such transgressions be not again committed. But often—while the wrong done inflicts its punishment within the flesh and mind and conscience of the wrong-doer—it escapes punishment without, and the deterrent object of punishment is thereby lost. Therefore, in visiting the sins of the parents upon their offspring, the deterrent purpose of punishment is not only attained, but even in a more striking degree. Their innocent sufferings appeal all the stronger to the hearts of men, and act as a more powerful check on their evil inclinations. For, however indifferent a man may be as to the painful consequences of his wrongs on strangers, he is apt to be deeply touched at the thought that his own progeny, his own flesh and blood, should innocently be made to suffer physically or mentally or morally or socially, because of uncurbed indul-

*Exod. xxxiv, 6. 7.

gence of his passions or appetites or greeds. Who knows not of instances of temptations resisted, of evil passions subdued, of bad habits conquered, by parents, so as not to bring disgrace and suffering upon their innocent children? God may have his own way for compensating the sufferings of the innocent, but that evil may the speedier be rooted out, that man may be the better deterred from wrong-doing, that the greatest good of the greatest number may the speedier be secured, heroic measures must be resorted to. A few innocents must suffer to appall the many and to keep them innocent.

Whether this be the reason why the sins of parents are visited upon their progeny, or whether there be other reasons more plausible than this, the fact remains that it is, and has been, a Law of Nature, and in all probability will continue so, whether we think it just or not. If we think it unjust, we have an easy way of preventing it from afflicting our descendants, by not furnishing it with any sins of our own to be visited upon them. Let us guard our health, purity, integrity, honor, and we will guard our children's at the same time, and that of their children's children, too, even unto the thousandth generation. We will then no longer question God's kindness and mercy, seeing, that while God's punishment of parental sin seldom extends over more than three or four generations of posterity, His reward of parental virtue extends even unto the remotest descendants.

The room, in which some fragrant flower has bloomed, retains the odor long after the plant has been removed. A room once flavored by musk, retains its odor even after the lapse of many years. The western sky reflects the glory of the sun, long after it sinks beneath the horizon. A parent's pure life and good name and virtuous deeds transmit themselves to their children, and reap their reward and blessing long after their author is no more. Let parents leave their children only wealth, and a generation or two hence may see that wealth disgrace posterity and ancestry, and fly away. Let them bequeath to their children health, virtue, good deed, brain, and even centuries hence doors and hearts will open wide to their children, either for their own sakes, or in memory of their noble ancestry. A century ago Russia manifested kindly feelings towards our country while in distress, and the steamer *Indiana*, that hastened, laden with food, from our port on Monday last to relieve the famine-stricken, demonstrated how the virtues of parents are remembered even on their distant descendants. The worthy progeny of distinguished patriots, leaders, scholars, benefactors, find opportunities and positions, for which men of obscure origin often struggle in vain. No parental virtue is lost. Its every healthy drop, its every noble thought, its every good word, its every pure example, is a seed cast in the field of Time, which blooms and ripens blessed fruit through all Eternity.

Posterity's long
reward for ances-
try's virtue.

Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 6th, 1892.

(Exod. xx. 7) לא תשא את שם יהוה אלהיך לשוא
(Exod. xxii. 28) אלהים לא תקלל ונשיא בעמך לא האר
(Talmud, "Aboth" 19, a) יהי מורא רבך כמורא שמים

"The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."
Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village*.

Thus wrote Goldsmith, the poet. But, though a poet's writing, it stands by no means for a poetic fancy. Such was the reverence shown to village parsons in the time of Goldsmith, and such is still shown them in the rural districts of Europe, and in ^{Treatment of} the entire Orient. In these quiet and conservative com- ^{clergy in former} ^{times and abroad} munities the preacher is still regarded a holy man, singled out, by special call from the power on High, to prepare human lives and souls for the spiritual life that is to be. As God's vicegerents, almost divine virtues are attributed to them, and godly honors are shown to them. Their mere presence awes, hushes the loud voice, checks the quick step. Their touch of hand calms the disquieted soul. Their word of sympathy is healing balm to the lacerated heart. Their word of praise inspires the soul ; their word of rebuke terrifies it. Their blessing proves a blessing, their curse becomes a curse.

In the larger European cities, however, and all over our own country, the reverence that once hedged the minister has almost wholly fled. There and here, he is but rarely regarded as the God-appointed and God-anointed. If he is a man of distinction, ^{Its treatment} ^{here.} a scholar, an orator, a benefactor, he meets with the recognition and the respect that are generally accorded to such merits. If his abilities fall short of the public's reasonable expectations, and his actions belie his professions, his sacred calling will not shield him from contempt. Not infrequently, such contempt extends even to ministers of better desert. His utterances are no longer accepted as oracles ; and so far are people now-a-days from considering it irreverent to question or criticize aught he says, that few public persons are more severely scrutinized or more mercilessly dissected than the preachers. Old and young, learned

and ignorant, pure and impure, deem it their prerogative to carp, and sneer, and poke fun at the minister. Not a few regard him as a sort of luxury, maintained at a considerable expense to entertain women and children, and to frighten the simple and wicked with horrible ghost stories; while quite a sprinkling vehemently clamor for his suppression to prevent his perpetuating ancient superstitions or his continuing to clog the wheels of progress.

What may the reason be of this contrast between the treatment of the ministry in former times and now? It cannot be due to mental and moral inferiority, for never before has the ministry been so thoroughly educated, never before has it stood on so high a moral plane, never before has it labored so intensely in all movements aiming at the amelioration of suffering and at the elevation of the human family, as does the clergy at the present day.

Not in a deteriorated ministry, therefore, must the true reason of this contrast be sought, but, most likely, in that iconoclastic spirit, that has taken possession of our age, and has extinguished the halo of reverence around objects and men and beliefs formerly regarded with feelings of awe. From the time that science lifted the veil of mystery, turned its light full on creeds and dogmas, turned miracles into natural phenomena, and revelations into imaginations, swept with its telescope-broom the cobwebs of superstition from the skies, extinguished the hell-fires in the interior of the earth, and chased the spirits of evil from their hiding-places, a change has come over the spirits of men. Fear has turned into sport, conviction into doubt, belief into unbelief. Everything is questioned, and whatever no longer satisfies is discarded, often the good with the bad, the kernel with the shell, the grain with the husk. Levity in some quarters has become fashionable, and scoffing passes for wit. The venerable does not awe, and the ancient does not impress. The knee has forgotten the bend of homage, and the head the bow of reverence. Humble God-worship and reverential hero-worship have turned into arrogant worship of self and of self.

Of our own country, and of many of our own people has this been especially true. "The American has little reverence" is the common, and the not altogether unjust, complaint of foreigners. He is but of yesterday, and only that of yesterday has real merit in his eyes. His country is full of novelties but empty of antiquities. His speculative mind is prospective; he has not yet quietened down to the retrospective. He knows not that awe that overcomes the Orientalist, when standing before some monument or relic or handiwork of an ancestor of thousands of years ago. In his eyes the ancient is the effete, and an historic ruin is a heap of rubbish that ought to be removed. One is almost inclined to believe that Mark Twain indulged in a little satire rather than in a bit of humor, when he makes one of his companions, upon being shown a manuscript letter of Christopher Columbus' own hand-writing, declare, that he had seen boys

Difference due to iconoclastic spirit of our age.

And to American irreverence.

in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that, and wondered why so much fuss should be made over such poor handwriting, or when he introduces other similar opinions on works of the ancient masters, or on mementos of ancient events. The vastness of his own country, its fabulous productiveness, its Niagara and Yellowstone and Yosemite, its great oceans to its right and left, its vast lakes and plains and mountain systems between, have so sated his mind as almost to make him incapable of wonderment. He is rarely awed by scenic grandeur, or humbled into reverence by his unparalleled blessings. He is a practical, matter-of-fact man, with little poetry or sentiment or veneration in his soul.

As a citizen of a republic he has no royalty to enforce homage, and no aristocracy to command respect. He is a hero-worshipper, but the hero worshipped is himself. If a man of wealth, he looks upon himself, and is looked upon by others, as the peer of the best in the land, no matter whether a quarter or half a century ago he trudged behind the plow, or went from house to house as a vender of small wares, or toiled as a common laborer in mine or mill or shop, or whether he be still lacking the elements of a good education. Obscure as his origin is, he knows that it is but the counterpart of that of most of the others of his wealthy *confrères*, and he feels no humiliation. On the contrary, he rather prides himself, and well he may, with being a self-made man, with being indebted for his fortune only to his own brain and brawn. But unfortunately, that pride is frequently accompanied by that self-assurance, self-importance, arrogance, that has no regard for the inferior, no respect for the superior in brain and skill; no reverence for the self-sacrificing trainer of the young, and educator and comforter and helper of the old and sorrowing and suffering, no feeling of gratitude towards Him from whom all his blessings flow. The creed of many of these *newly rich* reads somewhat like this: I am the God, who brought me out of poverty and obscurity; there is no other God beside me.

This irreverence, if not already a tendency of our age, and a trait of the American character, certainly receives enough of encouragement in many of our households, notably in the relationship between parents and their children, and in our public life in the relationship between the people and their officers, between teacher and pupils, and in our religious life in the relationship between the people and their God, soon to make it so.

As a nursery for the development of reverence, there is none better than the home. To the infant mind the parents stand as its God. Their tender and patient care, their fond love and self-sacrifice, impress themselves upon its yet unconscious mind as the Love and Power Supreme. One needs but listen to discussions between little children on the relative greatness between parents and God, to satisfy himself of the superior position parents hold in the hearts and minds of children. I remember overhearing such a conversation between a little boy and girl, in which both settled it to their fullest

Observed in relationship between parents and children.

satisfaction, that their Papa and Mamma were greater than God, the girl basing her argument on the fact that they gave her her clothes and toys and candies, and the boy significantly adding: "Yes, and Papa can whip."

While the gradually maturing mind corrects such childish extravaganzas, the feeling of reverence for their parents, which their helpless and dependent infancy has implanted, remains, and remains to the end of children's lives, if parents know the art of maintaining it, if they understand how to keep that golden mean between affection and reserve, that attracts children's love and confidence, and repels that familiarity that breeds levity. Such parents not only win for themselves the filial respect due them, but also secure their children's reverence for whatever they themselves revere. Such parents have no difficulty of infusing into their children sentiments of reverence also for their elders and superiors and benefactors, for their God, and for him who ministers in his stead. The filial reverence that roots itself in parents' hearts grows in breadth and height till its branches spread over all deserving men and objects, and its crown reaches to the topmost throne of God. Easy bows that child's head in worship that sees its parent worship. Easy believes that child the highest and best that sees its mother, whom it thinks the highest and best, humble herself before one yet higher and better. The truth of this is beautifully confirmed by an authority no less eminent than Thomas Carlyle.

"My mother," wrote he, "with a true woman's heart and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious. . . . The highest whom I know on earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps, and Reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of fear."^{*}

Among the ancients, judging from the literatures they have left us, parents seem to have understood the art of reverence-training better than we do to-day. Their authority over their children continued absolute throughout their life. Even the right of capital punishment was theirs, and was visited upon the son or daughter guilty of striking or cursing a parent. Men of power and authority, men fearless and cruel, men that routed armies and crushed giants under their heel, humbled themselves in the dust in the presence of their patriarchal sires, cowered under their curse, and prized their blessings higher than the highest on earth. Disrespect of parents, neglect of them in their old age, was classed among them with the most heinous sins, and the beautiful precepts they have left us on the treatment due to parents by their children, and the stories that have come down to us illustrative of the reverence shown to parents, of the sacrifices made in their behalf by their children, of the patience with which they endured even their foibles and failings, of the reverence shown their memory even after death, would indicate both the horror with which filial irreverence must have been regarded, and the infrequency of the offense.

Filial reverence
of the ancients.

* Carlyle: "*Sartor Resartus*," Bk. II, chap. ii.

To a very large extent, this is still true in the Orient, and in the conservative parts of Europe. There children have not yet unlearned the reverence due to those that reared them and toiled and suffered for them. There it is still regarded a disrespect, to sit in a parent's seat, to contradict them, to argue with or to differ from them, even to complain of an injustice. Neither have parents unlearned there the art of winning for themselves and of maintaining such reverence. With all the love they have for their children, they will not yield an inch of their parental prerogative. Not for a moment will they permit them to outgrow the habit of looking up to them, even though their children have grown tall, and themselves have become small. Though their children's hearts form new alliances, they will never allow a son's wife or a daughter's husband to crowd a parent out, nor the happiness over their own parenthood to make them less anxious for a parent's kiss or blessing than in the days gone by.

Filial reverence
abroad.

Among us, however, our new state of things has introduced new features into this old and sacred relationship between parents and their children. Reverence for parents is of all virtues the last we would think of ascribing to Young America. Barring noble exceptions, the self-assertiveness of Young America displays itself from his earliest childhood. While still in the cradle he is the tyrant; while yet in the nursery he rules the household. His will is absolute. His every whim is indulged. He looks upon his parents as created for the sole purpose of gratifying his wants. Ere yet out of his kilts he contracts father into "dad" or "pap," and mother into "mam," answers back, contradicts, mimics, and has not infrequently the satisfaction of hearing his impudence and irreverence applauded and told to others as youthful precocity, as prophetic signs of future greatness. Grown to riper years, his "dad" and "mam" change to "Boss," "Old Man," "Old Woman," "The Guv'ner."

Filial irrever-
ence among us.

The son, if self-supporting, assumes under the parental roof the air of a boarder, often even when contributing nothing towards his support. He speaks of his home as the "hash house," and grumbles, and quarrels and finds fault with the manager of the household, his own mother, as if she were a hired servant. Ere yet out of his teens, he carries the latch-key, and is free to go and do where and what he pleases, and return at all hours of the night, without the need of giving an account of himself to the "old folks."

The daughter frequently leads the life of a princess. While her mother slaves around the house, she is lost in the mazes of a novel, or drums on the piano, or gads in the neighborhood, or pleasantly whiles her time away at the matinee or on the promenade. To preserve the softness and whiteness of her hand, and the fairness of her complexion, and the proportions of her figure, she shuns work, thinks honorable self-support degrading, has her mother dance attendance upon her, while her poor father is obliged to toil himself to death to support her idleness and to gratify her wants.

Much as the children are at fault for this state of affairs, that prevails in not a few of our households, the parents themselves are frequently not free from blame. They do not command the reverence that is their due, because they know not how to win it, or how to keep it. Their relationship with their children is often of that familiar kind that breeds disrespect. When fathers and sons gamble at the same table, make bets, engage in heated discussions on religious and political differences; when mothers vie with their daughters in vanities and gaities, in personal display and extravagances, when parents must bribe their children into obedience, or are too weak to deny, or afraid to prohibit, their children anything, or must patiently submit to being corrected by their children on points of grammar or etiquette, in the presence of strangers, in such homes one must not expect to find children displaying feelings of reverence for their parents, nor expect to see them treat with reverence and consideration and appreciation their elders and superiors elsewhere, when the reverential feeling was never planted, or, if planted, was never permitted to develop within the home.

Another cause for our lack of reverence may be traced to its banishment from our Public Schools. The sacred awe that once encircled the school has vanished. Our people do not think with the ancient Talmudist that the teacher deserves to be honored more than the parent and as much as God,* nor do they look up with amazement to the schoolmaster, as did the villagers of Goldsmith's poem, wondering how "one small head could carry all he knew." There are scarcely any schoolmasters any more. We have schoolmisses now. Poor pay and poorer treatment, self-respect and the need of providing for their families: have driven the men out of the professions, and they keep the lady teachers only so long at their difficult and thankless posts, till some worthy man comes along to redeem them out of their house of bondage. For soldiers who have been disabled in the war millions of dollars are expended annually in pensions, and palatial homes are provided for them, where they may end their days in peace and comfort. To our teachers, however, who daily fight harder battles and receive more painful wounds than many a soldier did on battlefield, who daily battle with rebellious children and conspiring parents, battle against ignorance, battle for the suppression of vice and crime, for the promotion of prosperity and peace and good will among men, and who sacrifice in that service their best years, their health, to this blessed standing army we pay salaries barely enough to keep them respectably while on duty, and, when enfeebled or disabled by long and faithful service, we dismiss them—to find for themselves the bread of charity.

The treatment college professors receive at our hands is but little better. Few professions require such continued study and such faithful

* *Aboth* 19 a; *Baba Metziah*, 33 a.

application, few are so trying on the mind and so wearing on the system, and few, if any, are so poorly paid as that of the college-professor. By virtue of their position they are expected to live respectably, and to keep themselves and families respectably, and to do this they are paid salaries that make it a constant struggle for them to make ends meet. It was a generous gift, that which Professor Loomis, who was exceptionally blessed with wealth, bequeathed the other day to Yale University. But his generosity showed itself most in the special condition he made as to the disposition of his fund of a quarter of a million dollars. It is to be devoted to the study of astronomy, but not by adding new buildings or instruments, but by paying better salaries to its professors, and by defraying the costs of their researches and publications. Even so old and so popular a University as Yale requires charity-bequests to enable it to pay respectable salaries to the men that give it its illustrious fame. Such is the honor America shows to its men of learning. We have plenty work for our professors, but little money, and less recognition, and yet less honor. Our honors we need for our rich Nabobs. Our big salaries go to professional base-ball players with their \$5,000 salary for six months sport. Our attention and applause goes to popular theatrical stars with their \$50,000 a year income.

Of College-Professors.

Abroad, if the professors' salaries are not any better than here, they are, in a measure, compensated by the high regard in which they are held in their communities. Kings and princes entertain them at their palaces. The aristocracy of wealth feels itself honored with the company of the aristocracy of the brain.

Treatment of College-Professors abroad.

Our aristocracy seems rather anxious to keep the learned fraternity at a considerable distance from them. Perhaps for good reasons. Learned men have a sharp eye and a keen scent for detecting parvenue upstarts and pretentious stupidity. How different the treatment is that is accorded to learned men abroad, even in what we are pleased to call Heathen lands, we may learn from the bit of news that has recently reached us from Prof. C. Meriwether, late of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, now Professor of English and History in Tokio University, Japan. "Upon arriving," so reads the news, "he was received with great ceremony and every mark of honor. A special palace was given him as his residence, with more than fifty servants. A stable, containing some of the finest horses in the kingdom, was placed at his disposal, and in every way he was treated with royal splendor." At home the American Professor's lot was most likely that hard-worked and ill-paid kind of the rest of his fraternity, glad perhaps to be able to live in a respectable flat, and to keep one servant, and to enjoy the luxury of a street-car ride.

Another cause for our want of reverence may be found in our political system. We are in possession of Freedom of Press and Speech, and we are making liberal use of them. For political ends, we deem it our right, nay our duty, to foist our men and platforms upon the public, at the expense of the opposition. To attain our ends, no character is too sacred, no prior service too

Observed in treatment of public-officers.

honorable, no private life too inviolable, no mud too foul, no methods too contemptible. The purest motives we impugn, the best purposes we malign, the most honorably-won laurels we drag in the gutters, the most hard-earned reputations we bury under heaps of detraction and calumny. Not yet content, we press yet art (God save the mark!) into our service. We send glaring cartoons broadcast, caricaturing, belittling, befouling, men and objects others have been in the habit of looking up to with awe and reverence.

What the consequences are we know only to our sorrow. It seldom effects bad men, for the frequent excessive abuses and exaggerated charges directed against them, enable them to pose as martyrs; while good men, men who might render their country and people noble and able service, are frightened away, for fear of seeing their name and fame lampooned and caricatured, and the honor of their families besmirched. A feeling of distrust, suspicion, is engendered in the minds of the whole people. No one knows whom to trust, whom to believe honest. Politics have come to be looked upon as a thing unholy, and contact with politicians is believed by many to be getting into bad company. Start in politics, and one of two goals—so many believe—lies before you, either the State-House or the State-Prison, either the White-House or the Black-Cell, and the same means may lead to the one or the other.

Our youth, in the meantime, growing up in the midst of exciting campaigns and hot political discussions, hearing and seeing men in high office, or aspirants for the same, vilified and scandalized, join one side or the other, and, though wholly influenced by their surroundings, being too young and too inexperienced for independent judgment, often excel their elders in their contempt and scorn and ridicule with which they talk of men and institutions they ought to revere. Not long ago I heard a little knee-high to one of our greatest living statesmen declare, that that statesman, that had grown gray in honorable service to his country, was not fit to be his boot-black. And this piece of impudence I saw rewarded with loud applause and laughter by his parents and their friends. Little did those parents realize that their applause planted perhaps the seed of irreverence in their child's mind, that will grow and spread, till some day he will make of his own parents a boot-jack. A good parental booting instead of laughter would have been a better reward for the impudence of their little jack. Is it to be expected that, with a taste for detraction early developed, with habits of sneering and ridiculing early formed, and their abuse of their elders and superiors early applauded, they will enter the home, the school, the church, with feelings of respect, and accord to parents and teachers, to preachers and to God more reverential treatment?

It is not to be expected, and while the proverb that "it is the unexpected that always happens" holds good in many of our homes, and schools, in large numbers of others we do not find it, very often not even in the church, where we reasonably might have expected to find it. As a people we Americans are said to be great in everything, great in natural

possessions, great in wealth, great in enterprise, great in brag. Everything that others possess we are said to possess in the superlative degree; even godlessness.

We are said to be the greatest scoffers on earth. While we may be unwilling to acknowledge it abroad, here, at home, and among ourselves, we might as well be honest enough and admit that there is much truth in this charge. We have never given the world a God, or a Religion, or Sacred Institutions, and so we have no scruples in needlessly tearing down the good, that which has not outlived its time and usefulness, that which others have laboriously built up during thousands of years, and in poking fun at what others revere. We talk enthusiastically of science, because we have contributed an honorable share towards it. Science we believe to be real, practical, profitable; Religion we hold as a mixture of ignorance and superstition, of fraud and fanaticism, impractical and unprofitable, and, as scoffing is much easier than investigating and thinking, we find great delight in parodying and burlesquing and travestying what others hold sacred.

Our irreverence shown in our scoffing.

Profanity is another greatness, which we are said to possess in a superlative degree. Whether this be true or not, a fact it is, we have profanity enough in our land to supply the whole earth, with plenty to spare for a few of our neighboring planets. Nowhere in the world, travellers assure us, is the ear offended by such blasphemous and vulgar profanities as here. Sir Edwin Arnold informs us that the term "fellow" is the worst in the Japanese vocabulary of swear-words. I have recently read of a gentleman, who was a passenger on a vessel sailing from India, where he had lived for a number of years, who, greatly offended by the blasphemous profanity of an American sailor, turned to him, and, pointing to his boy, said: "This boy was born and brought up in a heathen country and a land of idolatry; but, in all his life, he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker till now." I have travelled through seven of the largest and most populous countries of Europe, and in not one of them have I heard profanities so vile, so vulgar, and so blasphemous as here. Nothing else satisfies us as profanity unless it is coupled with the name of God or that of His Satanic Majesty, and nothing less contents us than sending the man or object of our displeasure to the eternal roasting-place. Not a few among us think themselves all the manlier for the greater vulgarity and blasphemy of their oaths. From lips that never offer prayer, or utter blessing, the name of God falls most frequently and most revoltingly in curse.

In our profanity.

And in yet another irreverence we are said to excel, and the saddest of them all, and that is the levity with which we treat the judicial oath. Comparing the solemn manner in which the judicial oath is administered in many of the foreign countries, their fasting before repairing to their respective places of worship to render the oath before their Holy of Holies, comparing this mode with our manner of having officers of the court, who quite frequently are notorious infidels and scoffers, asking the men to be sworn to raise their

In our mockery of the judicial oath.

hands while they mechanically mumble some words, which they call the oath, of which frequently the only intelligible part is the conclusion: "So help me God!" "Fifty cents, please!" one is certainly under the painful necessity of admitting that the charge of turning the judicial oath into a farce and a burlesque, that is laid at our doors, is not unfounded. And we may as well also admit, that in stripping the oath of its reverence, we not only have opened wide the door to perjury, but also have knocked from under Law itself its strongest pillar, and from under justice and truth one of their mightiest protectors.

Can we wonder then, with such irreverence abounding among us, with such levity and mockery of sacred things and objects, with such profanities and blasphemies of God, that the reverence shown our ministry should differ so materially from that in Goldsmith's poem, or in foreign lands? "Where God is blasphemed, the preacher or teacher is unhonored," wrote the Rabbis of old*, and modern experience confirms their observation. "God will not let him go unpunished who takes His name in vain,"† declares the Third Commandment, and daily observations assure us, that this is not an empty threat. We see the punishment in the loss of that sanctity, that once gave the sweetest charm to the home. We see it in the banishment of the best teaching-force from our schools, and of the best governing-power from our politics, and of the best character-builders from our pulpits. And this punishment will continue, until with Goethe we shall realize that Reverence is the one virtue, on which all our virtues depend, the one attribute without which all others avail us nothing, the one virtue "that makes man in every point a man."‡ This punishment will continue, until we shall introduce Goeth's principles of reverence-building into our systems of education, till we shall teach our younger children to *look up* with respect and awe to their superiors; and our youth to *look down* on earth, and gratefully and modestly consider whence all their blessings flow; and those in the prime of life to *look about* and treat with reverence all to whom reverence belongs.

The result and
the remedy.

*Talmud, *Berachoth* 19, 6. †Exod. xx. 7.

‡"Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," Bk, II. Chap. i.

Through Labor to Rest.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 13th, 1892.

(Exod. xx, 9, 10) ששת ימים תעבד ויום השביעי שבת
 (Isaiah lviii, 13, 14) וקראת לשבת ענג אז התענג על יהוה
 (Eccl. iii. 3) עת לפרוץ ועת לבנות

"Ah, why
 Should life all labor be?"
 Tennyson.

One of the most interesting and one of the most startling, of the many interesting and startling, chapters in Professor Lombroso's work: "The *Man of Genius*," recently published in "The Contemporary Science Series," is the one that treats on "The Influence of Race and Heredity on Genius and Insanity." The distinguished writer takes occasion in that chapter to point out, by means of carefully selected statistics, the surprising predominance of genius among the Jews of Western Europe, and among Jews in general. In a tabulated form, he sums up the comparative number of Europeans (Aryans) and Jews (Semites) in 100,000 celebrities, and astonishes us in giving to the Jews, though forming but a very small percentage of the European population, in many branches almost an equal number of distinguished men, and in quite a few superior numbers. To reproduce his own table, he cites of celebrated

Mental superiority of European Jew.

	Europeans.	Jews.		Europeans.	Jews.
Actors	21	34	Miscellaneous	4	3
Agriculture	2	—	Metaphysics	2	18
Antiquaries	23	26	Musicians	11	71
Architects	6	6	Natural Science	22	25
Artists	40	34	Naval	12	—
Authors	316	223	Philologists	13	123
Divines	130	105	Poets	20	36
Engineers	13	9	Political Economy	20	26
Engravers	3	—	Science	51	52
Lawyers	44	40	Sculptors	10	12
Medicals	31	49	Sovereigns	21	—
Merchants	12	43	Statesmen	125	83
Military	56	6	Travellers	25	12

This table furnishes much food for reflection. It tells in the briefest language the longest story of the influence of heredity, of the indestructibility of the cultivated mind, of the mind-sharpening power of persecution, of the truth of Darwin's Law of the *Struggle for Existence*, and of the *Survival of the Fittest*. It tells how much of the sunny orient still lives and shines in its occidental exile, still displays itself in the Jew's speculative and meditative proneness, in his poetic and imaginative and oratorical flights, in his musical and histrionic instincts, commercial habits, diplomatic skill. It tells of the deathlessness of certain peculiar race-instincts, if not of the deathlessness of that peculiar people that ranks as the most distinguished of the Semitic race.

This latter belief finds strong confirmation in other tables prepared by other erudite scientists, which show greater immunity of Jews from epidemics and certain fatal diseases, greater longevity, and a smaller death rate of children, than among Non-Jews. To quote so eminent an authority as Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, whose researches are confirmed and supplemented by those of M. M. Legoyt, Hoffmann Neufville and Mayer :

"Children from one to five years of age die in the proportion of 10 per cent. amongst the Jewish, and 14 per cent. amongst the Christian population. . . . The average duration of the life of the Jew being 48 years and 9 months, and of the Christian 36 years and 11 months. In the total of all ages, half of the Jews born reach the age of 53 years and one month, whilst half the Christians born attain the age of 36 years only. A quarter of the Jewish population is found living beyond 71 years, but a quarter of the Christian population is found living beyond 59 years and 10 months only. The Civil States extracts of Prussia give to the Jews, a mortality of 1.61 per cent; to the whole kingdom 2.62 per cent. To the Jews they give an annual increase of 1.73 per cent; to the Christians 1.36 per cent. The effectives of the Jews require a period of 41½ years to double themselves; those of the other races 51 years. . . . The Jews escape the great epidemics more readily than the other races with whom they live. Thus the mortality from Cholera amongst them is so small that the very fact of its occurrence has been disputed."*

If a more scrupulous regard for wholesome diet and for temperance, if greater parental conscientiousness and happier and more faithful domestic life, if quieter modes of life, if all these causes be insufficient to account for this difference between Jew and Non-Jew, one can hardly help believing that a special Providence holds guard over Israel, and preserves it for special ends.

This latter sweet hope, however, is rudely dissipated, by yet another surprise in the same chapter of Lombroso's book, which is far from being as pleasant as the other. In very plain language we are there informed, that with all the prodigality of Jewish intellect and ability, the Jewish mind is suffering from over-strain and from other causes, to an alarmingly greater degree than that of any other people. In the cold and pitiless language of science we are there informed, that the Jewish people furnish in some European countries, four and even six times as many afflicted with mental disease as the rest of the population. He quotes Servi and Verga† as giving

*Richardson, *Diseases of Modern Life*, Chap. II.

†Gli Israelitè di Europa, 1872; Archivio, di Statistica, Rome, 1880.

Physical superiority of European Jew.

Excessive mental suffering of European Jew.

more than four times as many insane among the Italian Jews as among the Italian Christians ; and Mayr, who, in 1871, gave the proportion of insane in Germany as follows :—

	Per 10,000 Christians.	Per 10,000 Jews.
Prussia	8.7	14.1
Bavaria	9.8	25.2
All Germany	8.6	16.1

To make his case surer yet, he quotes from an article : “*The Comparative Distribution of Jewish Ability*” † by Joseph Jacobs, an able Jewish writer of England, wherein he points out that “while Englishmen have 3,050 per million afflicted with mental disease, Scotchmen have 3,400, and Jews 3,900.”

These are startling statements, and, as they are advanced by cautious and scholarly men, we may consider them reliable. Still, I have no doubt, that some of you are at this moment as sceptic as to the truthfulness of these facts and figures, as I was when first confronted by them. To hear it stated on one side by eminent scholars, that the Jews, though but one-sixtieth part of the European population, have contributed many of the most illustrious of the celebrities of Europe, far more, in proportion to the smallness of their number, than their Non-Jewish neighbors, that they enjoy greater longevity, and better immunity from epidemics and certain virulent diseases, that they are not addicted to mind-consuming passions, nor to the vice of alcoholism, nor to the use of any of the other health-sapping narcotics, and then to see it proved on the other side, that in proportion to their number the Jews contribute from twice to four times as many mental sufferers as the Non-Jews, is, I know from personal experience, not a little perplexing.

Much I pondered on the probable cause of this. I thought of the frequent marriages among our people within too close proximity of blood-relationship, of the impoverishment of blood and vitality through our scrupulously guarded prohibition of intermarriage with other races and people ; I thought of the cruel persecutions, and of the insulting and degrading indignities, that were, and are, heaped upon our people, that prey on the minds of the more tender and more sensitive, till they drive them into madness ; I thought of the enervating indoor-life and vocation, of the overzeal in study, of the straining mental absorption in abstract theological speculations and kabbalistic mysticisms, of the rigorous religious devotions and observances, of the superstitious beliefs and fears, of the bigotries and fanaticisms, of many of our European brethren, and I believed I discovered in all of these some of the causes of their mental afflictions.

While trying to ferret out yet other causes, I suddenly recalled a paragraph in the same chapter of Professor Lombroso’s book, which said that the Jews were not the only ones thus afflicted, that the *neurotic tendency* dominated the American as well. Due to Over-work and Under-rest. The mystery was solved. Knowing the cause of the

†Journal of Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, 1886, pp. 351-379.

American's nervous troubles, I was no longer in the dark as to the cause of the excessive amount of mental suffering among Jews. Both are the victims of that same malady, which in our unprofessional language, goes by the name of *Over-work and Under-rest*.

Almost everywhere in Europe, the Jew shares the American's restless toil and moil in the busy marts and shops, offices and studios, his insatiable greed after wealth or fame or power, his pitiful self-immolation on the altar of his inexorable idol, his straining every nerve and fibre to its utmost tension in this ceaseless feverish excitement, in his hurry and rush, wear and tear, till the whole system collapses, till the digestive system strikes, and the respiratory organs rebel, and the heart's faithful engines break down under the high pressure, till the nerve-strings snap, and the music ceases, and the light of reason goes out.

Worse still, for reasons for which he is not altogether responsible, the European Jew is preponderatingly an indoor brain-worker. In Mr. Lombroso's table of European celebrities, for instance, we find him exceeding the number of Non-Jews among the actors, merchants, philosophers, professors, poets, physicians, musicians; but we find a blank recorded against him among the distinguished agriculturists and seafarers; while his representation among distinguished travellers is given as but one-half, and among the distinguished military men as but one-ninth, the number of Non-Jews. His representation in the less noted mechanical and outdoor pursuits, such as builders, quarriers, miners, is by other statisticians given in still smaller number. As said before, for much of this he is not responsible. For many centuries, the persecuting spirit of Europe barred the doors of such pursuits against him, and forced him into those indoor brain-taxing pursuits in which he now predominates. And though he is now free to pursue any calling he pleases, acquired habits, the Laws of Heredity and Environment, a weaker physical constitution, (through long exclusion from hard, outdoor toil) have largely made him a creature of circumstances, beyond which but comparatively few have been able to rise.

Furthermore, the cruelties and restrictions that were heaped upon him in the past, and which seriously blighted his general culture and worldly prosperity, existing no more, and the ostracisms and indignities to which he is still subjected, as a Jew, despite his enjoyment of equal rights, have kindled within him a double yearning, that of rooting out every lingering vestige of his degraded Ghetto-life, and that of enforcing recognition and respect, through superior fortune or through superior brain. Being by racial instincts naturally industrious and thrifty and capable, and impelled by this spirit of ambition, he entered upon the one great purpose of his life with a zeal that was as remarkable as its consequent achievement. What has taken others whole centuries to achieve, the Jew has equalled, and in many cases excelled, within but a generation or two.

In all this he much resembles the American. The latter, too, allowed himself but a very short time in which to achieve a very large amount.

Starting with neither name or fame, or fortune, and enjoying the most favorable opportunities for their attainment, possessing, in addition, a vast amount of ambition, and placing before himself the illustrious example of European achievement, that took whole centuries to build up, he entered upon his fame- and fortune-building with a zest, that in rapidity somewhat resembled the hurricanes and cyclones of his country.

In this he resembles the American.

He attained his end. In the short time he allowed himself, he has already equalled the European in many of his accomplishments and possessions, and in quite a number he has far outstripped him. But, unfortunately, his success resembled the cyclone also in its destructiveness. He is prosperous—but diseased. He is pursuing the mad race after fame and fortune with the malady of the *neurotic tendency* upon him. He is a man blessed by God, but cursed by himself, a curse so virulent, that not even the bountiful blessings of God can neutralize its poison. With worry and anxiety he takes up the day's toil. Amidst feverish excitements, fortune-involving speculations, keen competitions, brain-taxing and health-sapping occupations, he passes the day. With want of appetite he sits down to his meals, and with dyspepsia he rises from the table. With nervous head-aches he retires, and the night he passes with insomnia, or with feverish dreams, in which the overstrained mind re-enacts, in an incoherent way, the gains and the losses, the hopes and the disappointments, the worries and vexations of the day.

So much then is clear, that in wonderful achievements in an amazingly short period of time the Jew and American resemble each other, and, alas, also in their fatal consequences. Two of the most capable and most energetic peoples on the earth, peoples that could prove themselves mighty benefactors to human kind, are fast digging the grave for their own sepulture, or, worse still, are already far started on the road that leads to the Insane Asylum.

And of the two, the condition of the Jew is the worse. With all his advantages over the American, such as belonging to an older and more enduring race, enjoying greater immunity from a number of diseases, being freer from the vice of drunkenness, and yet other vices, the curse of *Over-work and Under-rest* rests heavier upon him than upon the other. The American, at least, has one day out of seven, on which he ceases to be a slave of toil or Mammon, one day in the week, which he sanctifies to rest and holiness, one day that is wholly his and his God's and his family's, his weekly Sunday, which cools his burning brain, and calms his excited nerves and quivering muscles

The American-Jew a yet greater mental sufferer.

"as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

Longfellow, "*The Golden Legend*."

But the Jew (I refer to the general rule in both cases) has not even that one day. He has no *Sabbath*. He has given it to the Christian world,

He has no Sabbath on which to rest.

but has forgotten that charity that begins at home; he has kept but little of it for himself. Toiling, as we have seen, mostly indoors, and mostly in vocations that tax the brain to its utmost, day after day, Saturdays' as much as Mondays', and Sundays' (if not in one way than in another no less taxing) as much as Saturdays', on the plea, that the *seventh day*, the Jewish Sabbath, he cannot observe in Christian lands on account of overwhelming Gentile environment and clientage and patronage, and on the *first day*, the Christian Sabbath, he need not, nay, must not rest, he neither hallows with rest nor sanctifies with worship, the Jewish or the Christian Sabbath. Is it a wonder then, that statisticians should report from two to four times as many brain-sufferers among Jews than among Non-Jews?

Let us not forget that these statistics, sad as they are, have yet that point in their favor, that they refer to the Jews of Western Europe, where among the more orthodox, especially among the poorer classes, there is a form of the Saturday-Sabbath observance, where holidays are more frequent, and where quieter environments and more conservative tendencies, exercise some check on the self-destructive course of the hard-toiling Jew. Max O'Reil gave us recently the following interesting illustration of the quiet and convenient way Europeans have in conducting their business.

He is not favored by European quiet and climate.

I remember once—it was at St. Malo, in the summer—I entered a hatter's shop at one o'clock in the afternoon. A well-dressed, ladylike girl came out of the back parlor and inquired what I wanted. "I want a straw hat, mademoiselle," I said. "Oh, that's very awkward just now!" "Is it?" "Well, you see," she said, "my brother is at dinner;" and after a pause of a few seconds she added, "Would you mind calling again in an hour's time?" "Not at all," I replied; "I shall be delighted to do so." I was not only amused, but struck with admiration for the independence of that worthy hatter. After a few years' residence in England a little scene of that description was a great treat. An hour later I called again. The young girl made her second appearance. "My brother waited for you quite ten minutes," she said to me. "He has gone to the café with a friend now." "I am sorry for that," I said. "When can I see him?" "If you step across to the café I am sure he will be happy to come back and attend to you." I thanked the young lady, went to the café and introduced myself to the hatter, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and having a game of dominoes with a friend. He asked me to allow him to finish the game, which of course, I was only too glad to do, and we returned to the shop together.

Such easy-going modes of plying their callings, that surround the European Jew, cannot but exercise a curbing influence on his impetuosity or ambition or greed. Besides, distinguished physicians are agreed that brain and physical work is less exhausting in Europe than here. To quote our own distinguished specialist on nervous diseases, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell,

"For some reason, mental work is more exhausting here than in Europe; while, as a rule, such Americans as have worked abroad are well aware that in France and in England intellectual labor is less trying than it is with us. A great physiologist, well known among us, long ago expressed to me the same opinion; and one of the greatest living naturalists, who is honored alike on both continents, is positive that brain-work is harder and more hurtful here than abroad,—an opinion which is shared by Oliver Wendell Holmes and other competent observers. Certain it is that our thinkers of the classes named are apt to break down with what the doctor knows as cerebral exhaustion,—a condition in which the mental organs become more or less completely incapaci-

tated for labor,—and that this state of things is very much less common among the savans of Europe. . . . Physical work is more or less exhausting in different climates. . . . I have carefully questioned a number of master-mechanics who employ both foreigners and native Americans, and I am assured that the British workman finds labor more trying here than at home.”*

When, despite quieter ways and healthier climate, mental sufferings dominate the European Jew to an alarming degree, what may we not expect to find here, where the Jew is not favored by tranquil environment and climate, and where he shares both the push and ambition and greed of his European brother, and the American’s restless excitement and breathless haste after fame or fortune? We are fortunately in the possessions of some vital statistics of American Jews, made under the auspices of the Eleventh Census Bureau of 1890, a review of which was published in the *North American Review*, of January 1891, by Dr. John S. Billings. These statistics are confined to the native-born and to those who have been in this country for several years, and though they are far from being complete they contain enough to more than confirm the story, good and bad, that is told by statisticians of European Jews, as may be seen from the following brief extracts.

Proved by
statistics.

“Those Jews who have been in the United States for more than 5 years have a decidedly lower death-rate and greater longevity than the people of the same class by whom they are surrounded. . . . It also seems probable that they possess a partial immunity from and a special liability to certain forms of disease; that with prolonged residence in the United States their death-rate is increasing. . . . In this country, as in other countries, the Jews are less liable than others to tuberculosis, and especially to pulmonary consumption. . . . The Jews appear to be more affected by diseases of the nervous system, and especially by diseases of the spinal cord, and by diabetes, by diseases of the heart and great vessels, by diseases of the digestive system . . . than their neighbors.”

He quotes figures showing a decided increase of these troubles since 1880, also that the death-rate is rapidly increasing, while the birth- and marriage-rates are diminishing, also that the number of those suffering from acute or chronic disease is not only increasing but is already in excess of that found in the general population of the United States. He examines their different vocations, and finds their representation unproportionately large in the indoor brain-taxing pursuits, most prominently in trade, law and medicine.

And when we reflect on the large number of our Jewish merchant- and professional-friends suffering from nervous prostration, or staggering under the weight of heart-troubles and dyspeptic ailments; when we recall the large number of friends, whose systems have suddenly collapsed, who, without a word of warning, have been suddenly snatched away from us in the prime of their lives; when we see the ranks of the middle-aged thinning, and young men aging, long before their time, and when we reflect on the sad fact, that the sight of a healthy-looking Jewish merchant or professionalist is fast becoming a rarity, that over-work has bleached their cheeks, and worry has deadened the lustre of their eye, and long-continued application has

Confirmed by
observation.

*S. Weir Mitchell, “Wear and Tear” pp. 58-61.

curved the spine, and over-zeal or over-speculation has made the mind irritable, and rich food together with want of sufficient rest, and wholesome out-door recreation have played havoc with their digestive systems, when on this we ponder, we have the strongest confirmation of the facts gathered by the U. S. Eleventh Census Bureau, concerning the vital statistics of the American Jew.

Why this is so is not hard to guess. A double curse rests upon him. He is both an American and a Jew. As an American he works harder

How he observes
the Sabbath.

than any other man. As an American Jew he works harder and longer than any other man on the face of the earth. His Sabbath, with the possible exception of such

as assemble here for worship and instruction on Sundays, is only a semblance of one. On Saturday, his *professed* "Day of Rest," he slaves. Sunday forenoons he generally spends in his shop or office, to accommodate a customer through the back-door, or to straighten out things after the Saturday rush, or to post up the books that have gotten behind, or to attend to mail-matters, or to get the material out for Monday's work, that no time may be lost. Sunday afternoons large numbers of them generally spend at the club, at the card-table, where hundreds of dollars are often lost and won, where the excitement of the game, together with the confinement in close and hot and smoky rooms, are even more taxing on the brain and more wearing on the system than the week-day's slavery. And this health-sapping time-killer they call pleasure. I often think, when I see our young men and their elders flocking on Sundays to the card-table, of that Oriental traveller who, watching a game of cricket, and hearing that many of those playing were rich men, asked: 'why they did not pay some poor people to do it for them,' and wonder what he would have said, had he entered one of those card-rooms, and seen what the players called pleasure. With not a few the Sunday evening witnesses a repetition at home of the afternoon's nerve-straining at the club.

For others again the Sunday brings straining and tiring work in the shape of attending meetings. Unlike most of our Non-Jewish neighbors, who, to keep their Sabbath holy, take enough of time from their week-day toil to attend to their various meetings, those overwhelming numbers of ours, who violate their Saturday, and spurn a Jewish Sunday-Service, and compelled by law to abstain from their week-day labors on Sundays, turn it into a general meeting-day. Their Conventions, the Annual Meetings, their Board- and Committee- and Society-Meetings, their School-examinations, are set for that day. Many a one is often required to attend two or three or more of them on a Sunday, and when night comes, it finds him even more exhausted than on any of the preceding six working-days. Thus is the Jew without a Sabbath, without a Day of Rest, but with an abundance of toil that saps his health and diseases his mind. And this is the reason why he furnishes in Europe twice and three times as many mental sufferers as his Non-Jewish neighbor, and then I have no doubt many more times here.

This is a truth, made clear by the inexorable figures of statistics, that

of all people the Jew is the greatest sufferer from *Over-work* and *Under-rest*. His constitution, that braved the storms of ages, is breaking down. His brain, that has illumined half the world, is darkening. His nerves, that endured the strain of centuries, are snapping. His heart, that once secured him greater longevity, and his digestive system, that once sent rich measures of healthy blood through his system, are failing, under the heat and pressure and break-neck speed of American slavery. Has he been preserved for such an inglorious end? Is he hastening, here and in Europe, to his own destruction? There is certainly no other alternative, unless he applies the only remedy at hand. He can not cure himself, at once, of his overfondness for indoor and brain-draining vocations, nor lift himself out of the life-sapping whirlpool into which keen competition has forced him. But he can have his Sabbath, his weekly Day of Rest and Recreation and Sanctification, the only real pleasure on earth that he can have for nothing, and that can secure him greater good than all the others combined, that will prove that

"Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

—Friedr. v. Logau, Transl. by Longfellow.

To be sure, under present overwhelming Gentile environment, he cannot advantageously make Saturday his weekly day of Rest. But this is no reason why he cannot rest and recreate and worship on Sunday. It has ceased to be a matter of Sentiment. It has become a matter of Life or Death. It is a flagrant transgression against the Fourth Commandment to work *seven* days in the week; it is not the slightest violation to work six days and to rest on the seventh, even if that seventh be Sunday. Only a cruel monster, not a God, could punish a man for preferring to worship his God and to rest from his labors on the first day of the week, to profaning both the Saturday and the Sunday, and every other day of the week, with slavish toil. What matters it that Christianity borrowed its *first day Sabbath* from the Solar-worship of Heathens. Our own *Seventh day Sabbath* was derived from equal Heathen sources.* What matters it, if Christians connect a certain dogma with the Sunday; our resting and recreating and worshipping on the same day, does by no means involve the acceptance of that or any other dogma. Unitarians worship on Sunday, as do the Trinitarians, and the former are not the least disturbed by the different dogmas of the latter. Ingersoll makes of Christmas as joyous a holiday as the most pious Christian, without thereby subscribing to the myth connected with it. Some of our own chief Holy Days are of Heathen origin; our having made them subserve Jewish purposes, has ~~but~~ tended to increase their sanctity. Christianity has taken much from us; it is no humiliation to take something good from it.

* "See the Saturday and Sunday-Sabbath," Series I, Lect. XX.

And in taking it, we do it not as a compliment, but to serve our own highest ends. We save our lives. We preserve ourselves as a people. Since we will not, or cannot, keep our own Oriental Saturday-Sabbath, let us, for our lives' sake, keep at least the Occidental Sunday-Sabbath. It has already, in one sense, been made obligatory upon us by the law of the land. Our shops are closed, our busy hives of industry are hushed. We suffer no financial loss by keeping Sunday. Let us also suffer no less of vital powers. Let us obey the scriptural injunction, and keep one day holy, holy not in the old Rabbinical or Puritanic sense, that turned the Sabbath into a day of yet greater hardships, but in the sense of that which the Prophet Isaiah advocated, a day of "Joy and Temperance and Repose," a day that shall rest overtaxed parts, and bring others into activity that have been suppressed during the week, that shall recuperate lost strength, repair damages in the system, rake out the ashes and cinders, and start the fire ablazing vigorously for the healthful resumption of the week's work. Consecrate the forenoon to God, in worship; the afternoon to Nature, in healthful out-door recreation, the evening to the Family, in sweet and happy reunion, and in joyful play and converse around the domestic hearth, and you spend the ideal Day of Rest. Your Sabbath then will be a sweet and refreshing oasis in the week's wilderness of toil. Its prayer and sermon, its song and music, its smile and laughter, will send fresh roses into bleached cheeks, and new fire into dimmed eyes, and new flashes of intellect into exhausted brain, will smoothen out the wrinkles which the week's worries have left behind, will straighten out the care-bent back, and make man look up not as an automaton, not as a human machine, but as the lord of creation, a child of God.

A question of Life
or Death.

Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 20th, 1892.

(Exod. xx, 12) כבד את אביך ואת אמך למען יארכו ימיך
(Deut. xxiv, 16) לא יזמתו אבות על בנים ובנים לא יזמתו על אבות
(Malach. iii, 24) והשיב לב אבות על בנים ולב בנים על אבותם

... 'Untaught in youth my heart to tame
My springs of life were poisoned.'

Byron, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

Of moral philosophers we have had many, and of sermonizers on the virtues and vices we have had yet more, and voluminous is the literature they have left behind them, but I doubt whether any one of them has portrayed the lowest vices and the highest virtues as forceful as Shakespeare did in the five brief acts of his "*King Lear*." Within the few pages of this tearful tragedy he contrasts all that is most vicious and all that is most beautiful in human nature,—lust, ambition, avarice, ingratitude, injustice, deception, hatred, treachery, cruelty, with purity, sincerity, love, loyalty, forbearance, endurance, forgiveness, unselfishness, courage—in language and in action so powerful, that were all the sermons and systems, all the rules and treatises, on morality suddenly to become lost, and this play to remain, I verily believe enough could be drawn from it to reconstruct all that had been lost.

In the delineation of one trait especially, in children's treatment of an aged parent, he reaches a climax perhaps unequaled in the whole world's literature. What character more repulsive than that of *Goneril* or *Regan*; what character more attractive than that of *Cordelia*! What deception greater than that wherewith the two first-named daughters wheedle out of their aged father his power and possessions, under the semblance of love and devotion; and what ingratitude more heinous than that wherewith they drive a weak, old sire into misery and despair, into madness and death! What parent's pang keener than that which groans out of his cry of anguish:

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou showest thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!"

or out of the curse which he launches upon *Goneril's* head, that her own child may

... "be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child."—*King Lear*, Act I, Sc. iv.

What filial affection sweeter than that wherewith noble *Cordelia* comforts her much-suffering father, rescues from the brink of madness him whom her sisters had grievously wronged, and who himself had grievously wronged her!

This tragedy is a general favorite of both audience and actor. Few of Shakespeare's plays keep the auditor as interested and arouse his passions as this, and not one yields to the impersonator of the leading character as rich a reward as *King Lear*.

Unlike such rolls as Richard III, Yago, or Macbeth, whose meanness of character detracts considerably from the audience's appreciation of the excellence of the acting, the impersonator of *King Lear* holds the tearful sympathy of his audience to the last. It is the same with *Cordelia*; while her sisters *Goneril* and *Regan* reap for their reward the audience's silent contempt or loud hisses of disapproval. *Othello's* or *Macbeth's* butcheries, *Cassius's* conspiracy or *Hamlet's* uncle's crime, do not outrage our feelings as much as these daughters' base ingratitude. The holiness, the inviolability of, and the filial reverence due to, parenthood are so stamped into our very souls, that every fibre in us cries aloud: "Foul Treason," "Inhuman Barbarity," "Unpardonable Sin," at the sight of wrong done by child against a parent, and more especially when such a parent is aged and helpless and in want.

Yet, without in the least condoning the offense of the two daughters of *King Lear*, I can not share all the sympathies lavished upon the father, nor all the vituperation heaped upon the daughters. To me *Cordelia's* nobility of heart is more of a surprise than her two sisters' cruelties. These two were, we have reason

to believe, the natural product of a father's weakness and indulgence and folly. The opening scene, in which he shows himself the dupe of the flattering tongues of two of his daughters, and disinherits the other because, being true in her filial affection, she scorns those wiles by which her sisters secure their ends, shows but too plainly the kind of metal his fatherhood was made of, and the kind of example he must have set his children.

A child's character is not a spontaneous growth; it is largely what heredity and environment, constitution and training, make it. As is the mold that is prepared for it so is the form in which it crystallizes itself. If the pattern is for a sinner, a sinner the product will be. Monstrous characters like those of *Goneril* and *Regan* are not self-creations. The world condemns their ingratitude, and sympathizes with their aged father. Did it know the whole story, could it tell to what parental omission or commission the children's unnatural hard-heartedness was due, it would

perhaps censure less and pity more. The uncorrected evil of the parent shows itself in an intensified form in the child. Where you see a *Lear* expect a *Goneril*. Where you see a guilty *Goneril* look for the indulgent *Lear*.

Of all crimes, such heartlessness as these daughters are guilty of are exceedingly rare. Regard for parents is the virtue of every well-raised child, more especially of a child of the gentler sex. When, therefore, you see daughters pitilessly driving an aged parent into madness and death, hold them not responsible for all their guilt. Their cruelty is probably the bitter fruitage of a parent's sowing. Where you see the opposite, where you see a most reverential treatment of parents, when you see a child's noble self-sacrifice for an aged parent's pleasure and convenience, a child holding no burden too great, no expense too heavy, to make a parent's closing scene of life a bright and happy one, be assured that such parents do but reap what they have sown. When you read of a Washington hastening, immediately after his election to the presidency of the United States, to his aged mother, to clasp her to his bosom, and to tell her how much of all his honors was the work of her own dear hands; or when you read of Garfield insisting upon his aged mother standing by his side while taking the oath of office, and falling upon her neck in the sight of the thousands of people assembled, as soon as he had been invested with the power of the highest office in the land, be assured that both these aged mothers merited such filial reverence, that their toil, their self-sacrifice, their regarding the raising of their children as a sacred task and a responsible duty, their inculcating in their children, from their earliest infancy, principles of integrity, of usefulness, of piety, made it possible for their sons to occupy the Presidential chair of the United States.

With so much of parental neglect and ignorance and false training abounding, it is surprising that the *Gonerils* and *Regans* are not more numerous, and that the *Cordelias* are so frequent. To me it is the strongest evidence of the powerful hold that parenthood has upon the affections of its offspring, and of the safeguards which nature herself has placed around the most sacred relationship on earth, to keep the home intact, and to prevent society from going to pieces. The infant's absolute dependence for food and shelter, for comfort and protection, on its parents, the parents' power to grant or to deny these, to smile or to frown, to caress or to strike, engenders early feelings of awe, of gratefulness, of obedience, of respect, that endure long beyond the period when the child's dependence ceases, even long beyond the time when parents' weakness and imperfections become evident. Parents' gradual decline into the helplessness of old age, their inability to struggle for themselves when nearing the end of their days, recalls to children the time of their own helplessness, and prompts them to do whatever they can to make the closing scene of their parents' lives as free from care as possible. The absolute power of parents at the one end, and their helplessness and dependence at the other, are weapons

Parenthood fares better than it often deserves.

which nature herself has placed into their hands to enforce their children's obedience, respect, consideration, and with them they easily conquer the hearts of their offspring, often even undeserved. It is for this reason that the *Cordelias* are far more frequent than the *Gonerils* and the *Regans*, and that weak and indulgent and neglectful *Lears* frequently fare as well by their children as did the noble mothers of Washington and Garfield.

It often seems to me that the Fifth Commandment of our Decalogue is superfluous, that nature engraved it on the human heart as an eternal and universal law long before it was decreed by human legislator. We certainly find as beautiful illustrations of filial love and honor before the Proclamation of the Decalogue as after, and among Polytheists as well as among Monotheists. Often it seems to me, that if the Fifth Commandment had had a slight alteration in its text, that instead of reading: "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc. it would have read: "Honor thy son and thy daughter, that thy days may be long" we would have suffered nothing by that change, on the contrary, we would have been greatly benefited by it.

It is not the parents that suffer as much from a want of honor from their children, as the children from a want of honor from their parents.

On the side of the parents there stands arrayed Nature, Law, Religion, Public Opinion, Personal Power; on the side of the weak and dependent, of the helpless and speechless babe, there stands nothing. Absolutely at the mercy of those into whose care and keeping it is placed, it may be diseased physically, neglected morally, dwarfed intellectually, crippled spiritually, vice upon vice may be stamped upon its soul, burden upon burden may be laid upon its weak shoulders, wrong upon wrong may be heaped upon it, and there is no power to stop Parental Absolutism, no power to protect Dependent Childhood. Imprisoned in its cradle, locked within its four walls, too weak of tongue to tell its pitiful story of suffering, too weak of hand to break its fetters, too weak of mind to grasp the misery for which it is fitted, the world without goes on in woful ignorance of what is going on within, prating everywhere, in school, in church, in press, on platform, its endless platitudes about the honor due to parents, without bestowing a thought on the honor due to children.

Our age has much to say against the tyranny of might over right, against the power of the strong to press down the weak, and to keep them down, and to slave or starve or punish them into silence.

But what tyranny greater than that of parents! What tyranny older than theirs! From the remotest antiquity their superior might constituted within the family the highest right. From time immemorial unto this, parents have thought themselves generous, deserving of the highest praise and life-long gratitude for the morsel of food and for the pittance of care they bestowed on those helpless little creatures for whose existence they, and they alone, were wholly responsible. The relationship between parents and children has much resembled, and in many quarters still resembles, that between despots and their

Fifth Commandment true in an altered form.

Children suffer more from parents.

The tyranny of parents.

subjects. Parents sacrificed their children to their gods to bribe their favor or to assuage their wrath. They visited capital punishment upon them for disobedience—even when such disobedience was justified. They strangled new-born babes, especially when of the female sex, or exposed them to cold or hunger or to the tooth of ferocious beast, if they wished to rid themselves of the trouble and expense of raising them. They sold their children into slavery and rioted with the money realized. They gave them into marriage to whomsoever pleased the parents best. And yet other outrages they perpetrated upon their helpless children, and there was no one to question the rightfulness of their proceedings much less to stop their tyranny.

In the great conflict of right against might, in the general uprising of the oppressed weak against the tyrannical strong, that is being waged in modern times, the worst phases of parental despotism have passed away. But much of its spirit lingers still. Parents are still too prone to think only of their rights and not of their sacred and responsible duties as well, still too much inclined to pose before their children as their great benefactors, without considering that their children are not benefited from their own choice, and that the sunshine and merriment of their sweet and innocent infancy and gay and happy childhood more than return all the benefits they receive, still too eager to din into their children's ears what reverence they owe their parents, without remembering, that there is a reverence which parents, above all others, owe their children, a reverence which, if shown to children from the earliest stages of their lives, would make their reverencing their parents the first and the last and the most beautiful of all their virtues.

They think of their rights and not of their duties.

Such parental reverence does not show itself in outward form and ceremony. It lies nearer to the fountain of affection, and closer to the seat of intellect. It reveals itself in the conscientious spirit in which father and mother assume the sacred office of parenthood. It reveals itself in the manner in which they feel themselves impressed with the awful responsibility of shaping the career of a human being for glory or shame, for success or failure, for life or death. It reveals itself in the mode in which they enter upon the discharge of the sacred office of parenthood, piously resolved never to allow a private pleasure or a public duty to crowd itself between them and their child, that no study shall be too difficult, no burden too heavy, no sacrifice too great, for the proper raising of that tender bud of life that God has entrusted to their care and keeping.

How parents can honor children.

It would be difficult to find among all the reverences a single one on whose faithful discharge more of individual and communal happiness depends than on this, and equally difficult would it be to find a reverence more sinned against than this. Never have children sinned half as much against their parents as parents have against their children. Never have children been half as ignorant of the duties they owe their parents, as parents have been igno-

How children are sinned against.

rant of the duties they owe their children. For every tear an ungrateful child has forced from parent's eye, a thousand have been forced from children on account of parental neglect. For every parent forced by an undutiful child into an untimely grave, a thousand precious blossoms of humanity have been forced to exchange the cradle for the grave on account of parental ignorance. For every parent forced to totter to his grave neglected and forsaken by his own children, a thousand children have staggered through life under the load of disease, corruption, vicious habits, laid upon them by neglectful parents. One-half of the crimes that the criminal court is obliged to deal with, might have been cured on parent's knee. Half the vices that infest society might have been rooted out in childhood as easily as is the weed from garden-bed, had but parents acquainted themselves with its existence, and with the proper means for its eradication.

Often when I hear parents complaining of the misconduct of their children, I hear them telling at the same time their own neglect and ignorance. It was the Philosopher Plato, I believe, who made it his business to correct the parent instead of his misbehaving child. How could the child act differently abroad, when never differently taught at home? Or how could a child be differently taught at home, when parents have not the faintest notion of the proper raising of children, or if they have, will not sacrifice their time and pleasure, and make a slave of themselves for their child, when they can get a nurse-girl to tend it for a paltry sum? One of our newspapers reported the other day this little conversation between a policeman and a little nurse-girl, who was wheeling a baby-coach, accompanied by a few children, and by a noisy and troublesome dog. "Do you have to take care of the dog?" asked the Policeman, to which the little nurse-girl replied: "No; the missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

Laughable as this little episode is, it conveys a tearful rather than an amusing story. We open the right of parenthood to all, without making physical and moral and intellectual fitness for that sacred and responsible relationship a legal and a moral pre-requisite. Young married couples with little ones at home, often hurl themselves into those whirlpools of society-dissipations and excitements, which, if they have a place at all, belong to the less responsible period of single life. It is a frequent complaint of unmarried society people that their greatest rivals are married people, who ought to be at home at the side of the cradle, or in the nursery in the company of their growing and developing children, instead of leaving them to hired domestics, or to aged and decrepit relatives, or under the influence of all sorts of sleep-inducing drugs. Night after night, afternoon after afternoon, children are left to themselves, or to the care of those worse than themselves. Their little tongues that long to ask a thousand questions of their parents, their little arms that long to twine themselves around their parents' necks, like the tendrils of the vine around the sturdy oak, their little heads that long to rest on parents'

bosom, their innocent eyes that fain would look into parents' eyes before sinking to sleep, find no such sweet occupation. I have read of a mother who made it a practice always to take her little girl in her arms just before being sent to bed, and to hold her close to her heart for a while, looking into her eyes, then kissing the little one, saying, "That is good-night, dear; go to bed like a good little girl." One afternoon the mother was detained from home until late at night. Returning, the parents were met at the door by the little girl, very wide awake. Papa picked her up, carrying her to the nurse saying, "How is this? nearly eleven o'clock, and this child not asleep." "I couldn't coax her to bed," said the girl; "she insisted she must see her mamma first." "Papa," said the little maiden very seriously, "I tan't do to bed till I've yooked into my mamma's eyes;" and climbing into her mother's lap, taking the maternal face between her two little hands, she gazed long and earnestly into the eyes so necessary to her comfort then one long, hearty hug by both, and she sprang to the floor, holding out her hand to the nurse, saying cheerily to papa, "I'se yeady now. Dood night."* Ah, how rare are such scenes as these among our fashionable society-people! How rare are the opportunities of children fondly looking into their mother's eyes before retiring, to draw from them that inspiration, that love, that reverence that shall abide with them through life, that shall save them from temptation and from wrong! Slight as is the attention the little ones receive during the character-forming periods of their life from mothers who move in society, still less attention is accorded to them by their fathers. They have no time for such sentimentalities. They have serious matters to attend to. They have money to make, all day long, and all week long, often the Sabbath-day included. The evening finds them generally, when not seeking diversion away from home, tired, or absorbed in the newspapers, or out of sorts, that the children are never so happy than when furthest away from their parent. Oh, for another Socrates to shout from the house tops "What mean ye, fellow-citizens, that ye turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children, to whom, one day, you must relinquish it all," and who, perhaps, will waste and squander it all the sooner by reason of parental neglect.

Parental neglect is not the worst evil that helpless and innocent children have to contend against, parental ignorance is by far their greatest foe. Of home-staying, and their children-minding parents we have an overwhelmingly larger number than of those gay society-folks, who look upon children as a troublesome incumbrance, and are happiest when without them. All would have been well, if to their home- and children-loving virtues they would yet have added a knowledge of how to train children's hearts and souls and minds and hands aright, or, mindful of the Law of Heredity, how to fit themselves physically, morally, intellectually, before yet chosen for the office of parenthood. It was Goethe who said: "*Man kōunte*

How children are ruined by parental ignorance.

*Mrs. S. C. Jones, "*The Co-Education of Parent and Child.*"

erzogene Kinder gebären, wenn die Eltern erzogen wären," that it were easy to raise well-trained children, if well-trained the parents were themselves. But such well-trained parents are rarities. With all the aid that modern knowledge gives, with all the information on child-nature that physiologists and psychologists are only too eager to impart, with all the literature on the proper training of children at their command, there is a woful, a criminal, ignorance of how to rear children physically healthy and morally and intellectually sound, as the hundreds of little graves in our cemeteries, the thousand inmates of hospitals, asylums, penal and corrective institutes, as the tens of thousands ruined characters, stifled talents, blasted lives, tearfully prove. Where positive knowledge can be had, parents choose to experiment, and frivolously they turn into a piece of guess-work what should be treated as an exact science. Time enough, they think, to train children, when they shall have grown sufficiently to understand or to be reasoned with, or when they shall get into the teacher's hand at school. Little do they dream that the education of a child, that is in possession of all its faculties, begins at the moment it first beholds the light of day—not to go as far back as distinguished scientists go, who assure us that a child's training commences when that of its parents and grandparents begins—The younger its days the more active its sense-perception. To its wondering little eyes and ears every surrounding sight and sound is strange and novel, and not one of them fails to stamp itself upon its young and receptive mind. Thicker and thicker the painter Observation lays the colors on the Life-Picture that is to be, and that will never never fade. Faster and faster its glowing and liquid mind pours itself into the mould that environment shapes for it, and where it gradually hardens into permanent, unchangeable form. Facial features, voice, language, action, copy more and more those of the people surrounding it. Silently the little threads of Observation and Experience twist themselves, even in the cradle, into traits and habits, till threads grow into cords, and cords into ropes, and ropes gradually into cables, which not all the after-training of after-life can break.

Yes, Parents, change the reading of the Fifth Commandment to: 'Honor thy son and thy daughter, that thy days may be long.'

Honor thy children and thy days will be long. them when young, and they will honor you when you are old. As you deal with them so will they deal with you. Honor them with proper preparation for, and with conscientious discharge of, the office of parenthood. Honor them with considering parenthood holy, and childhood holier still. Honor them by sacredly keeping from their developing mind every noxious influence. There is a bird in the tropics that uses for the construction of its nest a certain leaf the aroma of which is poison to serpents. When a serpent, climbing after the dainty morsel, comes in front of such a nest, it drops from the tree as if struck by lightning. Thus, parents, surround ye your little ones with those protecting influences which will put every evil to flight that ventures near them. Honor them with a pure personal example, remembering that parents' actions are the models children

pattern theirs after. Honor them with the gentle word of persuasion in preference to the harsh command of authority or the keen sting of punishment. Alpine climbers tell us that at certain seasons in the spring the traveller must beware of making the slightest noise while ascending, for often the winter's accumulated snow hangs so threateningly on the steep slopes above, that a loud word, or the striking of the Alpine-stick against a stone suffices to start an avalanche, that dashes to destruction everything that lies in its path. So does often a parent's loud word of anger or painful chastisement, start within the child an avalanche of passion of stubbornness, of rebellion, of viciousness, that utterly ruins what might have proven a noble character. Honor them with your frequent converse and companionship. Leave not to nurse what is a mother's sacred task, nor to teacher what is a father's solemn duty. Honor them with not being over-indulgent nor unreasonably severe. Think no sacrifice too great to win their confidence and their love. Early make them feel that though the whole world may condemn and spurn, their parents will forgive them if repentant, that though all the world may turn them from their doors, their parents' hearts and homes will always stand wide open to them. A young Scotch girl was lured one day from her quiet country home to London, where she speedily went astray. Day after day, week after week, her poor widowed mother, peered up and down the road, hoping for her daughter's return. One evening, while sitting in front of the hearth, thinking of her wayward child, she heard a footfall on the floor. Before her stood her repentant daughter. After the surprise, confession and forgiveness were over, the daughter asked: "How came it, mother, that at this late and lonely hour of the night I found the latch of the cottage open?" "The latch has never been shut day or night since you left me," was the mother's answer; "I feared that if you came and found it shut, you might turn away forever."

Thus honor your sons and your daughters, ye parents, rich or poor, and ye shall find that:

"Aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aequè;
Et, neglecta, aequè pueris senibusque nocebit."—Horace, Ep. I. 25.

"It profits poor and rich alike,
But, neglected, equally it hurts young and old"

and you will find that the race of the *Gonerils* and *Regans* will disappear, while the *Cordelias* will hold sway in every home; that peace and happiness will rule your households and add many a happy day to your lives; that as the hearts of the parents are turned to their children, those of the children turn to their parents, that children will no longer suffer for their parents, nor parents for their children, that there will be no more Byrons to lament that

.. "Untaught in youth my heart to tame
Mysprings of life were poisoned"

but no end of Popes to exclaim: "My parents never cost me a blush, and their son never cost them a tear."

ERRATA:—Change in preceding lecture (No. 21) the word *debtor*, in the couplet on page 9, to the word *doctor*; and the word *not*, on the third from the last line of the same page, to *but*; and the word *less*, on the eighth from the first line on page 10, to *loss*.



Slay the Sin but not the Sinner.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1892.

(Exod. xx. 13) לא תרצח

אם אחפין נמות הרשע כי אם נשוב רשע כדרכו וחיה (Ezek. xxxiii. 11)

“Not for the death of the sinner pray
But for the death of sin.”

Talmud, Berachoth, 10 a.

Never before did I realize how much of a world in miniature a modern newspaper is, how vividly it mirrors mankind's latest joy and sorrow, gain and loss, progress and regress, humanity and barbarity, as I did a few days ago, while perusing one of our morning papers. Conspicuous on the front page there were two columns, side by side, each headed by glaring headlines; the one attracting the reader's attention to a rare virtue,—the other to a barbarity most horrible; the one telling of man's love for his fellow-man,—the other of his cruel hatred; the one speaking of noble efforts and sacrifices to save human life,—the other narrating in sickening detail the story of a brutal strangulation of a human being; the one carrying us to the sea-port town Libau in Russia, and making us eye-witnesses of the landing of the steamer *Indiana*, that had left our port a fortnight before, and of the unloading of the provisions our people sent to the famine-stricken districts, and of the great rejoicing over American generosity,—the other conveying us to the capital of Austria, into a prison-court, to witness a scene, which, in bold, attractive type, it describes as follows: “*Schneider Strangled.*”—“*A Silken Loop Attached To A Stake Used.*”—“*His Face Covered By The Executioner's Hands.*”—“*Assistants Grasp His Arms And Legs And Pull Downward.*”—“*Death Results In Four Minutes.*”—“*A Sight Long To Be Remembered By The Spectators.*”

A painful contrast.

But for the fact that both of these conspicuously recorded events bore the same date, we could not but have believed that whole ages lay between the two, that the one was the latest product of modern civilization, the other a tale of Dark-Age cruelty, so beautiful, so noble, so divine, is the one, and so horrible, so inhuman, so fiendish, is the other. There is yet another reason, besides the date, that would have prevented our locating the Viennese strangulation in the Barbarous Ages, and that is the make-up of the executioner. His was not the conventional uniform of the hangman of by-gone ages,—no fire-red costume, no black mask. He was rigged out in the latest

Cruelty of modern executions.

style of the fashion-plate, he wore, "a high silk hat, fine clothing, and kid gloves," while the loop he used was of silken fabric. What refinement of cruelty! A silken loop around the victim's throat; the kid-gloved hand of a stylishly dressed gentleman firmly holding mouth and nostrils shut, while 'two horse-slayers grasp the hanging man by his arms and legs, and pull downward with all their strength.' Such the mode of judicially strangling the life out of a condemned human being, in the presence of his judges, and of high officials of the realm, in the capital of Austria, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety Two!—

An account so revolting, alongside a column portraying one of the most beautiful traits of human nature, furnishes a striking illustration of how the divine and the brutish still contend for supremacy within modern society, how readily the one may gain ascendancy over the other, how a heart-rending account of human suffering will arouse a whole people to active and helpful sympathy, while the perpetration of a heinous outrage will inflame our passions into an inhuman thirst for revenge. And, moreover, it dispels the fond hope that we had begun to cherish, after the abolition of Capital Punishment in a few of the foreign countries, and in four of our own States, and after the introduction in our neighboring state of electrocution as a mode of execution, that the days of Capital Punishment were numbered, that mankind had sufficiently advanced in its humanities to punish crime in a less revolting though in a no less efficient manner. With the memories of the New Orleans and Memphis murderous mobs, of the horrible burning at the stake of a human being—a woman's hand lighting the pyre—recently enacted in the State of Arkansas, of the recent Viennese barbarous strangulation, fresh in our minds, it is hard to believe that the baser human passions have been softened, that we are less cruel than were our ancestors a decade of centuries ago, or than are the savages of the present day.

It is true, we no longer resort to those appalling measures, which former ages adopted for the punishment of the highest crimes. We have no such torture-chambers as the Dark- and Middle-Ages boasted of. We have no such soul-harrowing contrivances as European Museums still exhibit, and that once were in active and in frequent operation. We no longer nail criminals to the cross, or suspend them on breast- or shoulder-piercing spikes, on which they endure nameless tortures, are assailed by birds of prey and insects, burnt by the sun, maddened by hunger and thirst, till death comes to their relief. We no longer roast them over a slow fire, or immure them alive. We do not throw them as food to ferocious beasts, neither do we crush them under the feet of angered elephants. We no longer strap them down, drill holes into their bodies into which lighted tapers are set, which, burning lower and lower into the flesh, "illuminate" them into a most agonizing death. We no longer pour molten lead into their throats, nor hurl them into seething caldrons. We no longer tear them asunder on the public squares by means of spirited animals

The brute still
alive within us.

As barbarous as
in by-gone days.

hitched to each limb, nor do we break their every joint and limb on the wheel; nor do we resort to any of those other monstrous cruelties too ghastly and too frightful to mention. True as this is—and God be thanked that it is—when, however, we contrast man as he is to-day softened by more peaceful environment and greater ease and culture, with man of former times hardened by constant wars and bloodsheds and privations and struggles, it is a question to my mind whether the former cruel modes of inflicting Capital Punishment were as harrowing to the culprit and to the public, as are our more refined neck-breaking trap-floors, or electric currents, or silken loops adjusted by kid-gloved and fashionably attired gentlemen-hangmen.

I know the thought that now is foremost in the minds of many. They, too, object to the Viennese strangulation, but for far different reasons. It is its leniency that they find fault with. Instead of kid gloves they would have handled him with thorn-spiked cestus, and in place of silken loop they would have used an iron chain. Upon the execution of that monster, who heartlessly decoyed, and mercilessly strangled to death, innocent and confiding young women, they would have piled cruelty upon cruelty; and suffering upon suffering, till their death penalty would have equaled, or eclipsed, the most cruel method of former ages.

And why would they use such cruel measures? Is it to bring the criminal's victims back to life? Were all the sufferings of all the imagined hells to be visited upon the murderer, they would not succeed in restoring the murdered unto life. Or has he more than one life that human power can slay? If he has, human knowledge has not yet discovered it. Is it to rid society of his presence, and of his power of doing evil? Society will not be any the better protected from him when he suffers a protracted and a cruel execution, as when he meets with an instantaneous and a painless death. Does not such desire for cruel death penalties arise rather from a spirit of revenge than from a love of justice? Does not the fact of a detailed account of a horrible execution being wired across continents and oceans, to peoples in no direct way effected by the death of the murderer and his murdered victims, and of being conspicuously published in the leading journals of the world, does not the prominence given to all executions, show only too plainly how much of the brute there is still within us, what fascinations sensational accounts of murders and butcheries, whether lawful or unlawful, still have for us, and how profitable newspapers find it to cater to such brutish cravings?

“Not at all!” “Not at all!” some of you will say. The desire to see the murderer cruelly executed does not at all arise from a spirit of revenge, nor from brutish instincts. It emanates from one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart. It has for its object the saving of human life. The guilty shall die a shameful death that the innocent may live. The whole world's

Justified on
account of enormity
of crime.

Turns capital
punishment into
revenge.

Cruelty claimed
to be a deterrent.

attention shall be drawn to the execution of a murderer, that other would-be-murderers may be deterred from following his example, and from suffering a similar miserable and painful death.

If this be the reason why so much publicity is given to executions, if their shocking brutalities are intended to strike terror into the human soul, and to paralyze every hand lifted with murderous intent against a human being, then the introduction of methods that shall rob the execution of its shame and pain and publicity, defeats that purpose. If the condemned murderer shall suffer an instantaneous and painless death, with as little knowledge of it as possible outside the prison-gates, what purpose does his death subserve? It is of no benefit to the murderer nor to those he murdered. It exercises no deterrent influence. It can only gratify a thirst for revenge. It cannot be for the purpose of self-protection, for, surely, so powerful a State as ours, for instance, could protect itself against its few murderers, by securely confining them behind bars and bolts, without laying violent hands on their life. If it be true, that brutal executions exercise a deterrent influence on others, then every State, that has the life and well-being of its subjects truly at heart, is duty-bound to abolish its swift and painless and secluded death-penalty, to enact the most cruel methods of by-gone ages, and to hail him as the greatest benefactor of human kind, who contrives yet more soul-harrowing and blood-curdling methods than have ever been known before.

But facts and experiences do not seem to confirm the claims that have been set up for the deterrent influence of cruel executions or of any other kind of Capital Punishment. If anything, they prove the contrary, that Capital Punishment rather encourages than checks crime, and for reasons that seem quite clear.

The criminal classes and those easiest tempted to crime are, as a rule, composed of people, who are either mentally deficient, or weak in will-power, or who have perverted notions of right and wrong, or who are inordinately vain or ambitious or sensational. The graphic accounts of sensational murder trials easily excite them. The notoriety of the tried and condemned criminal inflames their vanity. The detailed reports that are spread broadcast of the conduct of the condemned during his last days and last hours, the gushing sentimentalities that are lavished upon him, the sympathies which his approaching fate arouse, the pictorial illustrations of the final scene on the scaffold, appeal to their baser passions, quicken and strengthen the brute instincts, arouse a burning thirst for similar notoriety, which often is not quenched till they become heroes of tragedies of their own.

It is an old experience in police-circles, that sensational murder trials and much talked of executions, often even when only enacted in the latest sensational novel or drama, are generally followed by a large retinue of imitators. Jack the Ripper has found imitators in all parts of the world. It is safe to assert, that were sensational reports of murders withheld from the public

If deterrent, why
painless death
advocated?

Experience
proves Death
Penalty not a
deterrent.

But a tempter to
crime.

press, were murder-trials restricted to the court-rooms, where they properly belong, and access to them granted only to such who have real business there, were less inflammatory reports published of executions, or far better still, were Capital Punishment entirely abolished, and its place taken by the less heroic and less sympathy- and sentimentality-arousing punishment of imprisonment for life, or for such a time till the criminal is wholly cured of his criminal tendencies, a strong tempter to crime would be removed from the weak-minded and weak-willed, and within a short time we would perceive an appreciable diminution of crime.

This is not a theorist's supposition; it is a fact attested by the penal experiences of civilized lands, and emphasized by the greatest alienists of the world. There are statistics to prove that every addition of torture to execution was followed by a corresponding increase of criminals condemned to suffer the death

Where most cruel
there murder
most frequent.

penalty, and that frequently it was but necessary to relax the rigor in the torture-chamber or on the scaffold to check epidemics of crime. There are facts and figures enough to prove, that there are persons that are most tempted to crime when rigorous penalties are inflicted for it, and that extreme tortures seem to exercise the same irresistible fascination upon them that snakes exercise upon birds, which, once under the charm of the serpentine eye, can no more away from it, but must rush into the jaws of death. We need but take a peep into the penal history of England to assure ourselves, that when the death penalty is frequently inflicted, and for paltry offenses, executions are carried on by the wholesale, and hangmen have a busy time of it. When the gallows were used as punishment for offenses such as cutting down a fruit tree, associating with gypsies, leading the life of a vagrant, stealing a handkerchief above the value of a twelve-pence, when about a century ago a child of twelve could be executed for rioting, and less than half a century ago a child of nine could be hung for stealing paint of the value of two pence-half penny, we cannot be surprised at the statement of a writer in Elizabeth's reign that "in Henry VIII's time seventy-two thousand thieves and vagabonds were hanged," nor can we wonder that the distinguished legal authority, Sir William Blackstone, should have called the attention of people and government to the fact, that the frequency of the death penalty "instead of diminishing, increases the number of offenders."* So much for the deterrent influence of Capital Punishment!

Almost on the threshold of the Twentieth Century, it is the highest time that we learn the lesson these facts and figures and statistics teach. As long as we continue judicial executions, we popularize unlawful murder. As long as we keep the spectacle of putting a human being to death conspicuously before the eyes of criminally-inclined, weak-minded, weak-willed, perverted-notioned people we but tempt them to rival their teachers. As long as we arrogate unto ourselves the right of punishing certain crimes with death, we encourage others to do the same for what they deem crime, without the

A tempter to
Lynchers.

*Green's: *Crime*, Art. III, Chap. v; Ellis': "*The Criminal*," Chap. VI.

preliminaries and technicalities of the Law. If we set the example of stringing up a fellow for taking the life of a fellow-being, we must not be surprised that "Judge Lynch" should consider himself equally entitled to exercise the same right for equal and even for less serious offenses. Often even he has more justice on his side than we have. His circuit lies, as a rule, in uncultured districts, or in thinly populated regions, that are poorly provided with prisons and courts. We, however, have all the protection we need. We have safe and well-guarded prisons. We have just courts. We have powerful means at our command for preventing the criminal from again endangering the life of a fellow-being. Our inflicting the death-penalty, therefore, since it benefits neither the murdered, nor the murderer, nor deters others from crime, has simply the gratification of a revengeful spirit for its object, and we have little reason to complain of the vindictiveness of lynchers, when they but do in an undisguised manner what we do under the sanctimonious cloak of Law, and when they, for the most part, do under the impulse of intense excitement and blinding passion what we do in all calmness, with deliberation, and in cold blood. With the gallows erected, as a tempting model to copy, in the penitentiaries of all our States, excepting four, we are not surprised at the following figures collected by the Chicago *Tribune* :

" Six years of United States murders (1884-1889 inclusive).

	Murders.	Legal Executions.	Lynchings.
1884	3,377	103	219
1885	1,808	108	181
1886	1,499	83	133
1887	2,335	79	123
1888	2,184	87	144
1889	3,567	98	175
Total of 6 years	14,770	558	975

Hence, of nearly 15,000 known murders in the six years, less than four per cent. were followed by legal executions. In the four States where the capital penalty is abolished, conditions are stated by competent authorities to be more satisfactory than elsewhere. The lynchings nearly all take place in States which retain the gallows.

Maine abolished capital punishment in 1876, restored it in 1883, and again abolished it in 1887. The Warden of the State prison (Mr. S. H. Allen) writes (1890) : " I think it is the general feeling that murders are no more frequent now than when the death penalty existed." The Warden of Rhode Island State Prison (Mr. Nelson Viall) also writes (1890) : I do not believe the death penalty will ever be restored in our State, or that the crime of murder has increased in consequence of the change."

And for the sake of an average of between two or three executions in a State, a year, we keep up what some one has epigrammatically described as " the shameful practice of hiring for a guinea an assassin to accomplish a sentence which the judge would not have the courage to carry out," and indirectly encourage, Heaven only knows! how much of unlawful murder. And worse still, who can tell how many of the hundred legal executions, that disgrace our land each year, are not really murders? Without at all entering to-day into the question of the mental and moral responsibility of the condemned, of how frequently the criminal is irresponsible for his crime, of how

Frequently a
legal murder.

frequently his crime is attributable to inherited criminal tendencies, to homicidal monomania, to moral alienation, whose presence and irresistible sway elude the understanding and the observation of judge and witness and jury, and whose crime should be expunged not on the gallows but in a Penal-Hospital, without entering this morning upon this phase of the question, who can tell of the awful mistakes that are not infrequently made, and that are beyond all human power of reparation? Who knows not how near many an innocent man has been to suffering the penalty of death on the gallows for a crime which he never committed, though circumstantial evidence strongly pointed to him, and which penalty he would have paid, had it not been for an accidental discovery of his innocence just in the nick of time? Is not Mr. Chalkley Leconey's case, across the Delaware, a year or so ago, still fresh in our memories? How strongly circumstantial evidence pointed against him, and how near suffering legal murder! The following clipping from our Public Ledger, shortly after Mr. Leconey's acquittal, conveys as striking illustration of how easy it is at times to fasten guilt upon innocent persons, and to make them suffer innocently a disgraceful death:

"In the same paper which contained the announcement of the acquittal of Chalkley Leconey was an account of a fatal accident which had just occurred in Philadelphia. An old woman, over eighty years of age, was badly burned by her clothing taking fire. The only person in the house was her son, who was burned seriously in trying to extinguish the flames. She was taken to the hospital, and *he was arrested on suspicion.*

The mother, in her anguish, had moaned out that it was her son's fault. She afterwards explained that she meant he was not so prompt as he should have been in putting out the flames. He was asleep on a settee when she let the lighted paper fall on her dress, and was probably bewildered by the fearful sight when awakened. Had she died without explanation, what would have been the position of that son? Who could have declared his innocence?"

And from Nebraska there recently came the news of the honorable discharge of Warren Clough, after fourteen years imprisonment for the supposed murder of his brother, and released through the dying confession of the real murderer. Warren's brother had been found dead in his barn, at Stewart, Neb. and all the money the brother had on the day before was in Warren's possession—rightly in payment of debts. His defence, and the change of hanging, to which he was sentenced, to imprisonment for life cost him \$10,000. His wife got a divorce, and married another man, while he was unjustly in prison. It was fortunate, that he had money enough to make a noble fight for his life, else, he would have suffered innocently an ignoble death on the gallows, and no after-confession could have repaired the awful wrong.

But only the fewest have money enough to carry on such a fight, and for the want of it, many a one has been legally murdered for some other's guilt, according to Sir James Mackintosh's declaration, as quoted in an editorial in the *New York Sun*, some months ago, at least *one in every three years*, in England, and how many in this country, with our fondness of convicting on circumstantial evidence, and with a plentiful supply of disliked foreigners and of poor and ignorant and much-abused negroes

to be made scape-goats of for other men's guilt, God alone knows. Capital Punishment continuing, what assurance have we that what has happened to others may not happen to you or me? Who is safe from being seized at any moment, and brought to trial under the charge of murder, by reason of certain accidental coincidences and circumstances that seem suspiciously to point against us? Who is safe from being strung up without regard to professions of innocence, especially when feelings run high, and when the press, as it so frequently does now-a-days, conducts the trial, and pronounces the sentence, before yet the case comes into court.

Such awful mistakes occurring, we are not surprised that thoughtful jurors should hesitate long, and tremble before the consequences of their

Fear of serving
as juror.

decision, and that in more settled and refined communities there should be a growing disinclination to serving as jurors in cases involving capital punishment. Nor

can we be surprised that mistakes should frequently be made on the other side, that jurors, rather than run the risk of hanging an innocent or an irresponsible man, will give the defendant every benefit of doubt, and set him free, perhaps to continue his depredations. Many a criminal has thus been set free, who, for the protection of society, ought to have been safely locked behind prison bars, and where he would have been, had Capital Punishment been abolished, and had the jury had the right of sentencing him for an indeterminate number of years of imprisonment, securing to society the chance of correcting its error, and of making honorable amends, if subsequent disclosures proved that mistakes were made.

But, with our present only alternative of death or freedom for the man tried for murder, and with a steadily growing preference for granting

Thereby the
guilty often es-
cape, and mobs
encouraged.

freedom rather than run the risk of legally murdering an innocent person, with many a dangerous criminal set free in consequence of rigorous law on the statute book and lax administration in the jury box, it is not surpris-

ing that people, excited into uncontrollable passion by what seems to them an unjust verdict, should now and then rise in a mob, take vengeance into their own hands, and perpetrate still more frightful outrages, and make yet more grievous mistakes on the other side. With the awful death-penalty on our statute-books, with gallows in our prison-courts, to justify the right of legal murder, and with flagrant injustice often done to society from fear of inflicting so revolting and so irreparable a punishment, we must not wonder that Mob and Lynch-Law should disgrace our land, and that we should number annually twice as many lynchings as legal executions.

Why continue this danger to defendant and to society? Why continue tempting the feeble-minded, the weak-willed, the vain and sensa-

Slay the sin, but
not the sinner.

tional and criminally-inclined, to murder, by such brutal spectacles of executions as was recently enacted in the Capital of Austria, when we have it in our power to safely

imprison the criminal for life, or for an indeterminate number of years,

till thoroughly cured or reformed? Why continue on the threshold of the Twentieth Century a barbarous and a vengeful mode of punishment, which experience, past and present, has proven to be no deterrent of murder, and to be followed by no increase of crime when abolished, as we have observed in those of our own States, in which Capital Punishment has been abolished, and confirmed abroad, according to the *Sun's* editorial, as follows: "It was abolished in Holland in 1870. Between 1861 and 1869 there were 19 murders; between 1871 and 1879 the number was only 17, despite an increase of population. In Finland there has been no execution since 1824, and yet murders are extremely rare; in Belgium none since 1863, and yet the crime of murder has decreased. Portugal and Roumania have abolished Capital Punishment without evil results."

Why not rather devote some of the time and interest and expense, spent on the slaying of a sinner, upon slaying sin? Erase the right of Legal Murder from your Statute-Books. Tear down your Gallows. Demolish your Electrocuting-Chairs. They serve not Justice, they but serve your Revenge. The Sixth Commandment: "*Thou shalt not murder*" applies to the prison-courts as well as to the precincts outside of them. Spend no more time on the best mode of despatching criminals into the other world. Spend it rather on devising the best ways and means of eradicating crime. Prevent the breeding of crime or of criminal insanity. Break up your moral pest-houses. Tear down your White-chapel districts, and scatter the pauper and criminal vermin that infest them. Suffer not the aggregation of the vagrant and the unemployed, or create labor for them to prevent starvation from forcing them to crime. Reform your prison-disciplines. Make them reformatory instead of penal institutes. Let not the man that enters a thief come forth a murderer. Save the discharged prisoner from falling back into crime, by kindly caring for him till able to care for himself. Cultivate kindlier sentiments among the lower classes. Lessen the misery and filth that surrounds them. Let not the saloon and the dive be their only source of pleasure. Reserve not all your beautiful Parks and Squares and Fountains and Drives and Avenues for the rich. Think of your alleys before you think of your *boulevards*. Take a personal interest in the sad lot of the poor. Help them to find employment, direct them, encourage them, elevate them, and you will do infinitely more towards checking crime by slaying sin than gallows and garrots and guillotines have done by slaying the sinner.



The Sanctity of the Home.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 3d, 1892.

(Exod. xx, 14) לֹא תִנְאֹף

“A glance of heaven to see
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.”

Marriage

The *Midrash** relates a conversation between Rabbi Jose and a Roman matron, in which he maintained, that: marriages were predestined in heaven, and she: that it required no God to effect marital unions, that almost any one could turn man and woman into husband and wife. She proposed to give him a practical illustration of the truth of what she claimed. After his departure, she summoned her unmarried male and female slaves; placed the different sexes in rows, opposite each other, and then paired them off, at haphazard, just as they chanced to face each other. But, in a little while, the newly married couples appeared, one after the other, before her, with blackened eyes, and bleeding faces, and broken limbs, complaining bitterly of the mates she had given them, and begging to be freed from their insufferable yoke. She was convinced of the truth of the Rabbi's words, and hesitated not to confess it to him, when again they met, the Rabbi supplementing his former remarks with the saying, that: the linking in happy wedlock of well-mated people is the work of God, and even for Him as great a task as was the dividing of the Red Sea.†

Marriage made
in heaven.

I cannot vouch for the historic truth of this story, but I am strongly inclined to believe the moral truth which it purports to teach. I believe in the divineness of the institution of marriage. I see in that strange, mysterious, irresistible fascination, which one man and one woman have for each other, and for each other only, out of all the human species, I see in the violent and inextinguishable flames, that love suddenly kindles within the heart and brain of one man and one woman, and that burn and burn, and rage, and reach out towards each other until, overcoming all difficulties and all obstacles, they exultingly meet and unite, I see in the passionate longing that suddenly springs up in the hearts of one man and one woman for each other's constant companionship, who before were proof against all of Cupid's arts

Marriage a Di-
vine Institution.

*A compendium of ancient Jewish Homilies, Parables and Legends.

†Midrash Rab., Gen. 68.

and darts, often after but their first meeting, often before yet a word has passed between them, or before yet they know their names or stations, often without possessing any of the external attractions of physical beauty, of fortune or fame, I see in all this, a mystic, supernatural force, coming from on high, to link into holy and happy matrimony the one man and the one woman, who have been divinely destined for each other, and who cannot be kept asunder, or enter into other marital alliances, without violating God's decree, without ruining their own lives' happiness and that of others.

Who knows but that the Hindoo is right in believing, that: the man and the woman, who upon their first meeting suddenly and truly and lastingly fall in love with each other, have met before; that the rapturous feeling within them at the first sight of each other, is but each soul's recognition of its former mate, that the two had lived in happy wedlock before, that in the slow evolution of the species the same two souls marry and die in one state, and reappear on earth, and marry and die again in another, higher state, till the human species is reached, and to be repeated again and again in the various higher stages of life that shall follow this. You remember how prettily this belief is told by Sir Edwin Arnold, in his charming Epic "*The Light of Asia*," in that part in which he speaks of the meeting and wooing and wedding of Prince Buddha and fair Yasodhara. It had been decreed in high council that the king's son, Prince Buddha, should be given in marriage to one of India's daughters. The fairest maidens of the realm were invited to compete with their beauty and grace and skill for the prince's hand and heart. From all parts Sakyas beautiful daughters came, each wishing in her heart to win so proud a prize. One after the other appeared hopefully and tremblingly before his throne to receive the reward of her skill from his hand. But the prize for which each fluttering heart yearned the most, Siddartha's love, none of them won.

Faithful couples
remarry in differ-
ent lives.

" Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasodhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddartha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached . . .

And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.
Long after—when enlightenment was full—
Lord Buddha—being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sakya girl,
Answered: " We were not strangers as to us
And all it seemed."

Continuing, he tells the story how, long ages back, they had met, he then a tiger, and she a tigress fair and brave, and how they had mated and lived happily together until death; and how, in ages later, they had met again, he then a hunter, and she a forest girl, to whom one day, as umpire in a race between swift-footed girls, as prize he

" Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside,
And in the wood they lived many glad years,

And in the wood they undivided died,
 Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
 So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
 And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
 Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
 Thus I was he and she Yasodhara;
 And while the wheel of death and birth turns round,
 That which hath been must be between us two."

Arnold's "The Light of Asia." Bk. II.

Poetic and fascinating is this Hindoo belief of the continuous remarriage in the succeeding ages of faithful and devoted pairs, and the old Jewish belief that marriages are made in heaven, that each has his mate divinely assigned. He that holds either of these beliefs has at his side a powerful aid to explain the often inexplicable, mysterious charm that one particular man and one particular woman exercise upon each other, their passionate love at first sight, their unconquerable yearning for each other's inseparable companionship, their unutterable grief when parted, their boundless joy when united, their heroic endurance for each other's sake of hardships, trials, sufferings, even death itself. With either of these two beliefs, it is easy to understand how it happens, that of the thousands and tens of thousands of men and women, often of different temperaments, of different training and culture, of different tastes and ambitions, that annually unite themselves for life, such vast numbers of them prove happy unions, make well-mated husbands and wives, are lovingly faithful and helpfully devoted to each other, tread hand in hand and heart with heart their common path of life, hold no thought apart, divine each other's wish ere yet expressed, study each others best interest, regard the home they found as their sanctuary, the centre of their world, their Paradise on earth, writhe under each other's agony, rejoice in each other's triumph, remain true to each other to the brink of the grave, aye, even beyond it.

A helpful poetic belief.

Even if these beliefs be only poetic conceptions of foreign lands and ancient times, in these days of prosaic opinions of the marital institution, it is refreshing to go back to times, and to mingle with people, that have not yet stripped all romance and all sanctity from the sweetest and holiest of all the relationships of life. As the panting and weary wanderer cherishes the reviving draught and the restful nook, as the sorrowing and despairing soul cherishes the slightest word of comfort and of hope, as the mother's soothing words calm her frightened babe, so comforting and encouraging it is to us in these days of marriage-profanation to read or hear of the Hindoos' or Jews' ennobling belief in the deathlessness and divineness of the marital state. Ever since it has become fashionable almost for every schoolboy and schoolgirl to ask, and to discuss, the question: "Is Marriage a Failure?" ever since it has become a profitable journalistic and theatrical feature to flaunt in the public's face all manners of matrimonial delinquencies, ever since every frivolous and contemptuous fling at the expense of marriage passes for wit, ever since the

A pleasing change from the cry: "Marriage a Failure."

frequency of divorces and the ease wherewith they are secured, the numbers of desertions, and of unhappy and ill-mated pairs, have become topics of our daily conversations, there are few things that the masses believe with firmer faith than that marriage, far from being a predestined decree, is a lottery, that men and women marry as chance happens to throw them together, somewhat as the Roman matron's plan in the Mid-rashic story, that marriage, far from being a divine institution, is, as modern realistic writers are portraying it, almost anything but a holy relationship, and, according to Tolstoi, even contrary to the will of God.

Such croakers must remind us of that simpleton, who could not see the woods for all the trees, or of that fish that longed to have a look of water though surrounded by it. They themselves perhaps live in happiest wedlock. They see themselves surrounded by happy families, whose homes are sanctuaries and whose presiding spirits are priests. They see thousands of young men and young women meet, look deep into each others eyes, deeper still, into each others hearts, and remain sweetly buried there for ever. They hear their fervent vows at the marriage-altar. They see them walk peacefully and helpfully their path of happy wedded life. They see them invite their friends on the anniversaries of their wedding-day, that they may celebrate with them the sweet remembrance of the day that blessed them with each others faithful love and sincere trust and constant companionship. All this their own eyes see and their own ears hear abundantly, but because they know of the comparatively few whose married life is unhappy, whose love is not faithful and whose companionship is not true, whose matrimonial bark is ill-fated because it was launched ill-mated, who waited not for Love, the Divine Messenger from above, to unite them with the one their reasoning heart would have recognized intuitively as the divinely destined, but permitted sordid interest, base convenience, self-seeking matchmakers, to patch up a compact, and to wreck their lives, they straightway brand the whole institution of marriage as frivolous, as unholy, and, according to Tolstoi, as unprofitable, as deserving immediate abolition.

Fancy an inhabitant of one of our sister planets paying us a visit of but a few hours duration. Fancy him spending a portion of that time in a Dime Museum, another portion in a Hospital, another in a Saloon, another in a Police Court, another in White-chapel district, where he perceived only deformity, disease, drunkenness, brutality, misery, filth. Fancy yourselves reading the report he gave of us upon his return. You would fling it aside in disgust, as a gross slander of the earth's people. You would denounce him either as a malicious perverter of the truth, or as a fool, for making his exceptional observations and experiences stand for the universal traits of all the people of the earth. Such is the course pursued by many of our pessimistic essayists and novelists. They happen to come across isolated cases of unhappy marriages, or to chance into a Divorce-Court, or to read in sensational papers pitiabie stories of conjugal infelicities, or to witness

Marriage brand-
ed unholy.

The many judged
by the few.

stage-representations of the low and vulgar reasons for which people enter into marriage and step out of it, and forgetting that it is the exception that confronts them, that newspapers and theatres make exceptions their most prominent and most profitable feature, knowing that the exceptional, the novel, the sensational, have a strong fascination for the masses, that to deal with the general rule, to depict faithful husbands, devoted wives, happy homes, would mean financial disaster, for almost everybody can see that at home, in his neighbor's house, in the society in which he moves, without reading about it in the newspapers, without the trouble and expense to see it on the stage, forgetting this, they treat the comparatively few unhappy marriages as if they were the general rule.

Count Tolstoi has given us a striking illustration of such perversion of truth in a recent novel of his. I mention him, because he is the most honorable of his school of writers. He writes not for sensation or for profit. He is in earnest, and he sincerely believes and means what he writes and says. But, to be just, as well as charitable, the best we can say of him is that he is a deluded old man, who has forgotten the romance and poetry of youth, and the charm and power of early love. He is like that simpleton and fish that I spoke of before. He himself lives in happy wedded life. He associates with friends who are as happily married as he. He is surrounded by homes in which peace and sanctity, joy and harmony have uninterrupted sway. But he also knows a few isolated couples of which the husbands are characterless, and the wives heartless, and whose matrimonial bark naturally strand on the shoals of sin and crime, and he raises a loud hue and cry against the baseness of the marital relation, and clamors for its abolition. Behind him there is a school of realistic writers and speakers that vociferously echo his clamors. And their din and noise fairly drown the calm and truthful and dignified stories that are told by the world's best men and women, of the blessings of marriage, of the sanctity of the home, of its ennobling influence on the individual and society, how without the home many of our brightest stars would never have illumined our sphere, and many of our greatest blessings would never have been ours

Abolition of Marriage advocated.

Mr. Samuel Smiles has collected in his book "*Character*" a number of interesting and touching letters and excerpts from autobiographies of celebrated men and women, that strongly confirm my position, and from which, with your permission, I shall read a few selections:

Illustrations of marital blessings

"Many external circumstances of happiness," DeTocqueville wrote, "have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank Heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings. . . . Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all, in my eyes, is to have lighted on Marie. You cannot imagine what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which disturb me but leave her serene. . . . I cannot describe to you the happiness yielded in the long run by the habitual society of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even improved. When I say or do a thing which seems to me to be perfectly right, I read immediately in Marie's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which elevates me. And so,

when my conscience reproaches me, her face instantly clouds over. Although I have great power over her mind, I see with pleasure that she awes me, and so long as I love her as I do now, I am sure that I shall never allow myself to be drawn into anything that is wrong."

"Man longs for a happiness" wrote M. Guizot, whose turbulent life was sustained by a noble wife, "more complete and more tender than which all the labors and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship."

"Twenty-four years experience has shown me," wrote Count Zinzendorf of his wife, "that just the helpmate whom I have is the only one that could suit my vocation. Who else could have so carried through my family affairs?—Who lived so spotlessly before the world? . . . Who would, like she, without a murmur have seen her husband encounter such dangers by land and sea?—who undertaken with him, and sustained, such astonishing pilgrimages? Who, amidst such difficulties, could have held up her head and supported me?"

Edmund Burke said of his home: "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof."

John Stuart Mill dedicated his treatise "*On Liberty*" to his wife in these touching words: "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume."

Luther, speaking of his wife said: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Croesus without her. . . . The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and a pious wife with whom he may live in peace and tranquility."

The following is the epitaph Carlyle inscribed upon the tombstone of his wife: "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft amiability, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted."*

Time will not permit me to continue these extracts, or to dwell upon the encouragement and help other great men received from their wives, such as the brave Dr. Livingstone during his travels in South Africa, or the blind naturalist Huber, or the philosopher William Hamilton, or the scientist Faraday, or the jurist Grotius, and a host of others. Neither will it permit me to quote extracts from letters and biographies of women in which they tell of their domestic happiness, how marriage ennobled their being, gave a holy mission to their life, how a babe's soft accents, a husband's tender words of love and cheer, allayed every fear, banished every evil thought, conjured Paradise from heaven into their heart, and spread its glory over all the domain over which they held sway.

But why need more be said, why need anything at all be said, in vindication of the Marital Institution, or in opposition to the senseless clamor for its abolition? They who would abolish it permanently would first have to undo some thousands of years of civilization, would then have to change human nature, would then have to annul God's decree, and their thwarted efforts, after they had proceeded but a little way, would soon teach them of the folly of their attempt. Whether we

To abolish
Marriage must
change Human
Nature first.

believe or not that the two souls, that mysteriously and irresistibly feel themselves drawn towards the marriage altar, lived united in happy wedlock in a preceding life, or that the two hearts, which pure love inseparably welds into one, were divinely predestined for each other, this we must believe that the union of two hearts and souls of opposite sex in Holy Wedlock is a Law of Nature, a Decree of God.

It is a mistake to believe that it is the option of man or woman to marry or not. If it were, few men and women would voluntarily take upon themselves the cares and burdens, the trials and sufferings, that marriage, with all its happiness, involves. A few may rebel. The masses must marry. Nature is determined that the human species shall continue, and shall gradually develop into the god-like, and for that end it needs, it must have, and it will have, the Institution of Marriage. It knows no better means and no better training-school than it. In that sacred relationship the root of civilization lies imbedded. It is the fountain from which all our virtues spring. It is there where husband and wife learn the lesson of mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness, consideration for each other's feelings, respect for each others rights, endurance of hardships and trials for each others sake. It is there where the altruistic instincts acquire ascendancy over the egoistic, and the passions subject themselves to the control of reason. There parents learn and practice the lesson of self-sacrifice, forethought, industry, domesticity. There children learn and practice obedience, gratitude, love, reverence. There both learn to give to society that support and obedience that shall enable it to promote the highest good of all, and to protect the sanctity of each home. That a relationship from which so much of public and private blessings flow, that is so powerful a civilizer, that holds within its grasp almost the only blessings that make life worth living: the purest love, the sincerest appreciation, the most devoted companionship, the most heroic self-sacrifice, the highest happiness, should not bear the impress of divine coinage is difficult for the thoughtful to believe. To be asked to believe, as Count Tolstoi would have us, that the marital relationship degrades the human being into a sensuous beast, and should, therefore, be abolished, is an insult to those blessed beings whom we name parents, children, husband, wife, is an insult to that sacred home that was our first school of love, of virtue, our first and sweetest fount of happiness.

With some of you, who have observed some phases of the marital state in the upper and in the lower strata of society, the sophistry of the realistic school of writers may have considerable weight.

Unable to discover the stamp of divine coinage in marriages that are scandalized by corruptions and brutalities, you may be of the opinion that: if such marriages have been made anywhere outside our sphere, it must have been in the lowest hell, if such a place there be. But let me caution you again: Beware of false generalizations; make not of the exception a general rule. There have been theologians many whose lives have been unholy; religion nevertheless

Abuse no argument of uselessness.

continued a holy and a blessed institution. Children have been brutal to parents, and parents cruel to children; the parental and filial relationships have nevertheless continued sweet and ennobling to this day. Husbands and wives may be false to each other, and homes may be cursed; marriage will nevertheless continue a Divine Institution, and homes bits of heaven strewn all over our earth. Where such unhappy couples you see, remember that God never was their match-maker, neither was their marriage contract signed in Heaven. Cupid never aimed his dart of love at them; it was the demon of discord who shot his arrow, barbed with unholy desires, into their hearts, and poisoned them forever.

There are those, who would not wait for their God-sent mate, whose coming, their hearts, if pure, would unerringly have divined, and they married in haste only to repent in leisure. There are those, who passed by the one that Heaven sent to bless their lives and to sanctify their homes, and linked themselves to greater purse or to greater physical beauty, or to the bubble of a greater name, only to find the greater prove the worse.

But a little time sufficed to convince them that infatuation is not love, and that calculating shrewdness does not secure marital bliss.

Wealth may have filled their houses with elegance, and prospered them in a worldly way. But it starved their hearts and left their mansions poor in that domestic happiness that makes the humblest cottage rich. It afforded abundant idleness, and ample means for gratifying every wish within reach, and the idler their hands the busier their feet in running, and the more plenteous their means to gratify cravings, the greater their indulgences and excesses, their revels and riots, their forgetfulness of marital duties and marital vows.

Beauty may have exercised a powerful attraction, and aroused admiration everywhere. But it turned their heads, and made them slaves to vanity and flattery, made them sacrifice modesty to display, and domesticity to public exhibition, encouraged rivalries, awakened jealousies; aroused suspicions, and—extinguished the flame that once burnt within them and for each other, and darkened the home forever.

Disparity in station, in breeding, in disposition, may have lent piquancy at first, but the novelty wore off, and they found to their infinite grief that they were married but not mated. Companionship between them became formal. Home became intolerable to them. They sought elsewhere the pleasures and diversions they could not find at home. Disrespect and hatred lodged themselves within their hearts, and strife and cruelty within the home. Peace and happiness took wing, and left broken hearts and desecrated homes behind.

But they that embark on the matrimonial sea with a commission from on high encounter no such dangers. With flying colors, and amidst cheers and blessings, they sail fearlessly forth, with goal clearly fixed, with helm firm in hand, with love-filled sails to speed them on, with compass in their hearts so delicately poised as to indicate the slightest deviation.

Easy sails the properly fitted matrimonial bark.

from their path, and to set them instantly aright. The winds may howl, the waves may lash, with experience-attested charts before them, with watchful eyes and with courageous hand to guide, their well-constructed bark fears not those shoals and rocks on which many an ill-guided craft has stranded. To the last captain and mate remain conscious of the sacrifices each has made for the other, in undertaking together the hazardous journey of wedded life, and of the responsibilities they owe to that little crew they, one by one, take aboard. To the last each shares the others cares, each strives to lessen the others burden and to increase the others joys. To the last there is not a moment's shrinking from duty or relaxation of watchfulness. To the last both bestow the utmost care and attention upon their little crew, that they, in their turn, may one day safely guide noble craft's on life's varied seas. On whatever bark such captain, mate, and crew you see, in whatever home such husband, wife, and children you find:

"If there is happiness below,
 In such a home she's shrined;
 The human heart can never know
 Enjoyment more refined,
 Than where the sacred band is twined
 Of filial and parental ties,—
 That tender union all combined
 Of Nature's holiest sympathies."

—Fitzarthur.



The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 10th, 1892.

לא תננב (Exod. xx. 15.)

ארור מסיג גבול רעהו (Deut. xxvii. 17.)

מנע בר יקבהו לאום (Prov. xi. 26.)

אני אמרתי בחפזי כל האדם כזב (Psalms cxvi. 11.)

"I hope I shall always possess firmness enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "Honest Man."—George Washington.

When on such a collection of Biblical citations as the above I ponder, I cannot but think of yet another Scriptural passage, the one the wise Koheleth wrote, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; there is nothing new under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said: See, this is new?"* There may be little comfort in such an array of crushing testimony against the honesty of people of the hoary past, yet it assures us that dishonesty is not an invention of our own. The earliest lawgiver had found it necessary to put the thief into the pillory of his Ten Commandments, where he has remained on public exhibition to this day. Robbing the poor, amassing lands and properties by fraudulent means, "cornering" markets, were, as passages such as the above indicate, familiar crimes in ancient times, and the Psalmist of old went so far as to declare that "every man is a deceiver."

Such a characterization of one of the most advanced peoples of the past, and by a Biblical writer, would speak volumes for the depravity of human nature, were it not for the writer's own implied confession that he had indulged in an exaggeration, that it was a hasty statement, made at a time when he was under great affliction. This confession explains a similar characterization of another highly cultured people, found in the writings of a more recent distinguished author in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. He makes the hero of his fancy say that "to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," and to give to his friend's news that "the world's grown honest," the reply "Then is doomsday near." Hamlet, too, was laboring under great mental affliction, was in a melancholy mood, knew of base

* Eccl. i, 9-10.

falsities and strongly suspected more, and so it was quite natural for one in such a state of mind to indulge in gloomy exaggerations, to believe no more than one man out of ten thousand honest, and to expect the dawn of doomsday sooner than seeing the world growing honest.

But not so easy of explanation is a still more recent statement by another distinguished writer, M. Renan, in his new volume of "*Souve-*

Honesty held to
be an unprofit-
able investment.

nirs." This scholarly author, in all seriousness, questions whether in our present state honesty is at all possible or even profitable, to quote his own words: "If it were quite

clear that virtue was a paying investment, men of business who are very sagacious, would long since have noted the fact and become virtuous. We know that virtue is a bad investment in this present finite state of things,"* or, in other words, that honesty, at present, is not the best policy, and that the average man, to further his own interests, must be, or chooses to be dishonest. I had scarcely gotten over my astonishment at so extravagant a statement by one, whom a long experience as author ought to have taught the necessity of carefully weighing each word before giving it to the public, when my attention was drawn to two items of news, one contained in a recent New York letter to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and reading as follows.

"The average man is dishonest," said a prominent New York merchant to your correspondent to-day. The merchant is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade and the President of another commercial association. "I do not mean to say," he added, "that every man is dishonest, far from it, but I do say that the average man, and the average woman, for that matter, will steal if he or she gets a chance, and I base this opinion upon my own experience and observation in business. During the past ten years thirty-six of my own employés have stolen from me in amounts ranging from a few dollars to \$500. A recent case was that of a \$35 a week clerk who defaulted for less than a thousand dollars. Thirty-six discovered cases of theft among my own employés in ten years."

and the other stating that a journal a short time ago had offered a school prize for the best essay on "Honesty." Of the twenty-three responses received a large proportion proved to have been stolen, and one, a poem, was stolen entire. And when to such facts as these we add the late disclosures of official corruption in New York, in Chicago, in our own City, and elsewhere, that proved the guilt of dishonesty on men that were trusted and honored by their Communities, that held distinguished offices in religious and charitable and social organizations, when we think of the Canadian Colony of United States ex-Aldermen, ex-Bank officials, ex-Superintendents of Sunday Schools, ex-Deacons of Churches, it seems almost impossible not to agree with the Psalmist of old that all men are deceivers, or with Shakespeare that among ten thousand men possibly one honest man may be found, that we shall sooner behold doomsday than an honest world, or with Renan that virtue must be a bad investment in this present finite state, or with the prominent New York merchant that the average man will steal if he gets a chance.

Were this, however, to be our final verdict we would be guilty our-

* Ecl. Magaz. April, '92, page 500.

selves of that very exaggeration which we reprove in others. It is undoubtedly true that men and women have been dishonest ever since we have any knowledge of them. Equally true it is that fraud and robbery still flourish before our very doors. But the sweeping charge that the average man is dishonest, or would be so if he had a chance, is, in my opinion, not true. The term "average man" includes the whole of rational and responsible society, and I have too firm a faith in the sway of morality over humanity, to believe every sane member of it guilty of, or temptable to, dishonesty. Thousands of years of civilization, of education, of religious teaching, of social intercourse, of necessitated bridling of the greeds and appetites, have stamped the lesson that honesty is the best policy, more, is a right *per se*, too deep in human nature to permit dishonesty to become the controlling vice of man. It is unfortunately true the lesson has been a difficult one to learn, and many have proven themselves poor pupils, some even hopeless cases. But why overlook the many, who have mastered their task, and daily repeat it without a flaw, whom neither obstacle nor temptation will confuse or lead astray?

The average man
not dishonest.

Honesty has not yet become such a rarity as to necessitate our visiting some ancient museum to see a specimen of it. It flourishes at our doors. It looks into our windows. It runs against us on our streets. It counts its devotees among the young and among the old, among the high and among the low.

Illustration of
people's honesty.

There is probably not one among you who has not beautiful stories to tell of pleasing encounters with it. Only this very morning on my way here I observed, as I had frequently done before, different newspapers displayed for sale on the doorsteps of a house, with a number of coins scattered over them, without a salesman in sight. I saw a man approach the unguarded improvised newspaper stand, pick out the paper he wanted, deposit the price for it, and go his way, without any one present to satisfy himself of the honesty of the transaction. An insignificant affair though it was, to me it proved that the owner of these papers showed by his absence that he did not believe in the dishonesty of the average man, while the man who selected his paper and deposited the price of it alongside the other coins, without as much as looking for the salesman, convinced me that there are some who will not steal even though they have the chance.

I remember asking once for a name or date, I do not now recollect which, in one of my classes, to which the answer was rather slow in forthcoming. At length the answer, or what I understood to be the right answer, was given me by one of the boys, which I acknowledged with a few words of praise. When I had written the answer on the board to impress it the better on the other pupils, the boy that had, as I believed, given it rose to say, that the answer on the board was not what he had said, and that he was therefore not entitled to the praise he had received. Here we have another illustration that chance, and even the safest, will not always tempt to dishonesty.

It was the Rev. Robert Collyer, I believe, who told us the touching story, how he was one very cold evening approached in an Edinburgh hotel by a little boy, with a pinched face, his bare feet frozen, his body but scantily covered with rags, and asked: "Please, sir, buy some matches." Mr. Collyer did not want any. "But they are only a penny a box," said the shivering little fellow. The cheapness had no temptation for the Reverend gentleman. "You may have two boxes for a penny" begged the little piece of starved humanity. Mr. Collyer had no change, and promised to buy some other time. "Oh, do buy them to-night," the boy pleaded, "I will run and get you the change, for I'm very hungry." Unable to resist any longer, the clergyman gave him a shilling, never expecting to see the boy again. For a few hours his expectation proved true. But late in the evening a still smaller and still more wretched looking boy rushed into the hotel, up to a group of gentlemen, and breathlessly asked: "Be any of ye's the gentleman that bought matches from brother Sandie." Mr. Collyer told him he was the man. "Here, sir, is fourpence out o'yer shilling. Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cab ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his cap and his matches, and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'," and then putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child burst out in tears, and brought tears into the eyes of his listeners. Mr. Collyer accompanied the boy to his miserable lodging in the slums of Edinburgh, where he found the story only too true. Both their parents were dead. There was neither food nor warmth in the room, temptation enough to be dishonest, and yet the dying boy's only thought in all his agony was to have the change brought back—all that was left of it—to the gentleman, and he could not be pacified till his wee little brother had started to take it back, and to explain the delay and the shortage of the change. A pleased expression stole over his pallid face when he saw Mr. Collyer enter the miserable hole. Faintly he apologized for not coming back with the change, begged him not to think him dishonest, commended his little brother Reuby to his care—and breathed his last. Here was extreme poverty, slum-environment, inexperienced youth, favoring opportunity, fatal accident, mighty temptations to dishonesty, and yet even here human character proved that it is not wholly depraved.

Let us look at this question from yet another point of view. During the recent Franco-Prussian war, as Dr. Neale informs us, a cavalry Captain called a French peasant, who was working in the field, to his side, and commanded him to take him and his troop to a good barley-field, where the horses could be fed. The peasant, obliged to obey, led them some way, till at length he brought them to what they wanted. "These will do very well," said the Captain. "Nay, follow me a little further still," said the guide, "and I will show you one that will do better." Soon they reached another barley-field. "This does not seem to be as good a field," said the Captain, somewhat surprised, "as that which you led us past." "No," said the peasant, "but this is *mine*." Was this perhaps

: another instance of the average man's dishonesty or of his yielding to it under favoring chances? Here was a simple peasant, forced to show a barley-field to an enemy for depredation, passing by one that satisfied the enemy even better, and leading them into his own field, believing it in his heart to be dishonest to surrender another man's field to the foe, and save his own.

Let us hear another story, one that Paxton Hood tells, that will help to make our argument stronger still. The scene of this narrative is laid in the Alpine region of Switzerland, and the principal characters are two humble peasants, named Franz and Gaspard. "My friend," said Franz one day to Gaspard, who was mowing his field, "the time is come to clear the hay from the meadow. You know there is a dispute about the meadow whether it belongs to you or me. The judges meet at Salenche to-morrow, and they want us to appear before them to state our case." "You see, Franz," answered Gaspard, "that I have cut the grass; it is, therefore absolutely necessary that I should get it up to-morrow; I cannot leave it." "And I cannot send away the judges, who have chosen the day themselves. Besides, we must know to whom the meadow belongs before it is cleared." They debated some time. At length Gaspard said to Franz: "Go to Salenche, tell the judges my reasons as well as your own for claiming the meadow, and then I need not go myself." So it was agreed. Franz pleaded both for and against himself, and, to the best of his power presented his own and Gaspard's claims. When the judges had pronounced their sentence he returned to his friend saying: "The meadow is thine; the judgment is in thy favor, and I wish you joy." What better chance can anyone have to further his own cause at the expense of another than Franz had? What better evidence can we have that there are men whose honesty is beyond all temptation of gain? What better proof that not everybody has arrived at that pessimistic state in which every man is believed to be dishonest than the confidence which Gaspard reposed in Franz?

It may be objected that in the examples that I have given the temptations were mere trifles, and that the heroes were mere children who had not yet gotten beyond the influence of Sunday Schools and Nursery Tales, and who had not yet the courage to be dishonest, or simple rustics too far removed from the centres of civilization to be contaminated by the corruptions of trade, and by the extravagances of society. As far as the trifling temptations are concerned, your own schoolday recollections will bear me out that a teacher's public recognition of merit is not a trifle to a pupil; and to boys selling papers or matches for a living the brown coppers are as much of a treasure as the yellow guineas and eagles are to the merchant princes, and a barley-field or a meadow is as much of a fortune to a French or Swiss peasant as a Western ranch is to a Duke. And as to saddling dishonesty on the cities, especially on their wealthier people, we need but recall the money-transaction between the founder of the House of Rothschild and the prince of Hesse Cassel to be assured that men may live in cities and engage in trades, and be wealthy, and have

the best chances for greatly increasing their wealth by dishonest means, and yet maintain a spotless honesty. During the French War the prince of Hesse Cassel, fleeing through Frankfort with a large treasure in his possession, left it with Rothschild, to be used as seemed best to the banker, with little hope of ever seeing it again, knowing that the enemy might any day enter Frankfort and rob the banker of all his possessions. A part of his fear came true. The French army entered Frankfort, plundered the city, robbed Rothschild of all but the prince's treasure, which was buried in his garden. This he dug up, and used in trade, and when the times of peace returned he restored the money and the jewels to the prince, though he had lost his own. The prince in gratitude recommended the honest banker to various sovereigns, and thus helped to build up the name and fortune of the famous Banking House. Here was certainly chance enough for dishonesty. Herr Rothschild could easily have given it out that the deposited treasure had been robbed together with his own, and the prince would never have been the wiser. And should it even be claimed that the banker's honesty was only a speculation, that he counted on larger returns from his honesty than his dishonesty would have yielded, even this would disprove Renan's belief that 'virtue is a bad investment, that if honesty were the best policy sagacious business men would long since have noted the fact, and become honest.'

There is yet another objection to be met. Men may admit that the Psalmist and M. Renan and the New York merchant indulged in exaggerations when they credited every man, or the average man with dishonesty, that the illustrations of honesty that I had given are true, and a thousand others like them, and yet hold with *Hamlet* that "to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," that the degrees of dishonesty from highway robbery to the little harmless deceptions are so many, and some of such delicate shading, that people are often guilty of it without knowing, and in such large numbers as to make Pope's celebrated line:

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

also true in paraphrase:

"An honest man's the rarest work of God."

It may be claimed that the prominence given to such stories, as I cited above, in school, in church, on stage, in press, on platform, in conversation, indicates that honesty is an exceptional virtue, that the patent locks and bolts and safes and burglar-alarms wherewith we protect our homes and shops and offices, the precautionary contracts and notes and pledges and signatures we ask and give often even from and to our nearest and dearest, the fears we entertain, the suspicions we harbor, do not show a very strong faith in human honesty; that the higher salaries we pay for, and greater honors we show to, honest service, that the reward we offer and pay to the restorer of a lost article, and the indignation we feel when such a return is not sufficiently rewarded, shows but too plainly how rare and how marketable a virtue honesty is.

That objection, we fear, is one that we shall not easily meet. It is unfortunately based on too much truth to encourage much of an attempt at answering it. Explain away as much as we may, the fact remains that dishonesty is perhaps the commonest, the most wide-spread sin of the human family, that it infests every strata of society, that it is as much at home in the Courts of Justice, in the Halls of Legislation, in the School and in the Church, as it is in the Public Marts.

It is not a frequent pulpit theme. Preachers are often too dishonest themselves to aim their eloquence at the dishonest. It is there where Renan's doctrine of the unprofitableness of honesty has considerable force. Honest speaking might injure the preacher's salary, might endanger his re-election, might bring coolness between himself and his influential supporters. There was a plantation preacher during the days of slavery, who wielded considerable influence over his little flock of slaves. One day the slave master said to him: "Pompey I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "I'se mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied, "You see, massa dat wouldn't never do, 'cause 'twould trow such a col'ness over de meetin'." Other and more cultured preachers are equally afraid that preaching against the transgression of the Eighth Commandment is apt to seriously damage their popularity, and to throw a coolness over their relationship with those, whose toes might be stepped upon.

Such pulpit dishonesty, such fear of honestly preaching the honest truth to dishonest people, may be not a little responsible that fraud and knavery and deception are still perhaps the commonest and most wide-spread of all our sins. Among the other reasons that Law of Nature that enforces a Struggle for Existence stands foremost. The necessities of life are not equally divided. Some have much, others little, others must engage in a keen struggle to have any at all. Cold and hunger are painful, and to those that have to suffer them the abundance of the rich is mightily tempting. And since man's evolution from the lower species, among which the instinct of the inviolability of proprietary right is wholly wanting, is but of a comparatively recent date, and since in lower animal life the mode of maintaining existence is, excepting the domestic animals, wholly by means of brute-force, thievery, cunning, it is not to be wondered that brutish men in want should still employ the methods of brutes to keep alive.

As another reason for the frequency of frauds and deceptions we may mention that other Law of Nature, that enforces the *Survival of the Fittest*. The fittest, however, as in the commercial world, for instance, is not always the most virtuous. Here, too, Renan's belief that "virtue is a bad investment in this present finite state of things" applies with considerable directness. Honest men with

Due to Preachers' Dishonesty.

To "Struggle for Existence."

To "Survival of the Fittest."

honest methods are forced to compete with dishonest men and dishonest methods for the patronage of people, who are largely guided by appearance or price or talk, and lower price and poorer quality and oily talk win where honest goods and honest prices and honest representation often fail. To have an equal chance for surviving, such would-be-honest men are much inclined to look upon themselves as martyrs, but not to the extent of sacrificing loss rather than integrity. They think themselves justified to falsify goods, to misrepresent, to steal from their laborers' wages, as their competitors do, to have an equal chance for proving themselves the *Survival of the Fittest*.

As another reason we might mention the manifold advantages that wealth enjoys, and the corresponding degradation and misery of poverty.

To Advantage of Wealth. "In this present finite state of things" labor has little for its toil, money has it all. The purse is mightier than the square and compass, mightier than the pen. The rich man has a world at his feet; the poor man has a world at his throat. All honors, all doors, all hearts, all pleasures, fly open before the one; and close before the other. The handsome mansion of the one faces the beautiful avenue; the miserable tenement of the other stands in the filth-reeking alley or by-street. The table of the one groans under the weight of the choicest viands; the other groans because of the emptiness of his table. Luxuriant equipages convey the one; the other must trudge with weary foot his distant way. To escape the summer's heat, the one hastens to the seaside, or to the mountain top, or to his country residence, and to escape the winter's cold he betakes himself to a warmer climate; the other must swelter at his toil when the sun burns hottest, and shiver when the storm blows coldest. Discontent roots itself in the heart of the latter. It develops a false line of reasoning. He believes that all men have an equal right to all wealth, that the taking from the rich the superfluities of wealth is an act as salutary as the leech's drawing blood from a full-blooded patient, that his wealth was easily acquired, and that it is, therefore, no wrong to help oneself to a part of it.

As another reason for the prevalence of dishonesty we might mention our tolerance of high-toned fraud. We bestow the title of genius on

To tolerance of high-toned fraud those sharpers who know the art of swindling the people out of millions of dollars. We honor as our aristocracy the "Bears" and "Bulls" of our Stock Exchange, that lower or raise the value of stocks as best profits their own pockets and empties those of others. We hail as benefactors the organizers of monopolies, trusts and combines, who wreck fortunes and lives, raise prices, lower wages, impoverish the many to enrich the few. We feel ourselves honored to be noted by "stock-gamblers," "stock-waterers," by those who "corner" the markets, bankrupt the nations and plunder the people. We invest with high offices the henchmen of legislation-needing corporations, political bosses, who deal in voters as drovers deal in cattle, and whose services, pledged to the people, are ever at the command of the highest bidder. With such high-toned fraud as model, we cannot be-

surprised at the abundance of low-toned thievery in the lower strata. With such honors heaped upon the big sharks, we cannot be surprised that the small fry should be tempted into the high art of spoliation to be somebodies, too, believing with Weber: "Man muss heutzutage betrügen, wenn man ein ehrlicher Mann sein will," we cannot be surprised that there should be such a wide-spread belief that to be successful the best mode to pursue is

"the simple plan
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can"

and that the captured common criminals should ever seek to palliate their offense by claiming that they have done only in another form what the rich are doing daily unpunished, that there is Law for the rich but not for the poor, that for the private thief there is the prison, for the public thief there are honors and offices, for the slayer of one: the top of the scaffold, for the slayer of the thousands: the top of the ladder.

As another reason why dishonesty is so common and so wide-spread we may mention certain false standards of morals that are winked at, even sanctioned, by respectable people. Men often parade as economy, as sagacious dealing, as sharp manoeuvring, what is downright fraud and deception. To false stand-
ards of morals. It would require a more powerful magnifying glass than any that has yet been constructed to discover a difference between thievery and certain sharp dealings practiced by people, who think themselves paragons of honesty. People think nothing of squeezing their tax-rates till scarcely the rind is left to the authorities, to elude the revenue-officer and to evade the payment of duties, of rail-way fares, as if it were less criminal to defraud governments or corporations than individuals. People think nothing of advertising wares and prices in style and language that are well-known to themselves to be positive misrepresentations, as if it were less criminal to steal money out of peoples' pockets in one way than in another. People think nothing of recommending to others employees whom they have dismissed for unfitness, and friends whose abilities they know to be of little value, as if tampering with a man's confidence were not as much of a crime as tampering with his cash-drawer. People think nothing of screwing their laborers' wages down to the starvation point, as if stealing a man's labor were not as great a guilt as stealing its accumulated product. They may call it "legitimate business," "honest gain," or by some other euphonious name—as the Arab thieves call in their language, their plunder: "gain"—call it what they will, Lowell still is right:

"In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge;
And stealing *will* continue stealing."

We must not misunderstand the last line of this stanza. Lowell does not mean to say that man will always continue stealing, but that stealing,

Hope for the
future.

no matter in what form, will always be called stealing. No, I do not think that fraud and deception will always be as common and as wide-spread as now. We have seen that they are not as all-pervading as the Psalmist and Shakespeare and Renan and the New York merchant would have us believe. I believe, and I have proof for believing it, that there is less dishonesty now than ever before. I believe there will be less of it in the future than now. I have faith in the moral evolution of human kind. I believe the time is fast drawing nigh when preachers will be less fearless to speak the honest truth, and congregations less resentful at hearing it; when men will heed more the counsels of the divine that is within them and less those of the brute instincts that are not yet eliminated; when men will place integrity above self-interest, and find it the most profitable as well as the most honorable investment; "when plain living and high thinking" will replace extravagance and the resorting to dishonest means for its indulgence; when labor will equally share with wealth the advantages and enjoyments of life; when character and not money will constitute the universal standard of moral excellence; when the high-toned criminals will be dealt with as the low-toned; when every man will echo the noble sentiment Washington expressed: "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "Honest Man."

The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 17th, 1892.

(Exod. xx; 16) לא תענה ברעך עד שקר

(Prov. xix; 5) עד שקרים לא ינקה

(Prov. xxv. 18) מפין וחרב וחץ שנון איש ענה ברעהו עד שקר

"There are three crowns: the Crown of Learning, the Crown of Priesthood, the Crown of Royalty, but the Crown of a Good Name is greater than all."
(Talmud, *Aboth* iv; 13.)

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Goldsmith—*The Hermit*. St. 8.

So the poet said, and experience confirms his saying. But experience also confirms the addition some wag made to this stanza, that though "man wants but little here below" he wants of that little a great deal. Authorities on Dietetics tell us that about ^{Life made a} twenty-five ounces of plain and nutritious food is all that ^{ceaseless toil.} an adult requires a day to keep mind and body in good health and in vigorous activity, and that nature readily supplies that want with but a little aid from man. The covering that man needs to protect himself against the cold and heat, nature, too, amply provides, also requiring but little of man's labor. Were man content with this, a few hours' toil a day would suffice to secure for him all the necessaries for the maintenance of strong and useful life. But man, instead, makes life synonymous with ceaseless toil and moil. The earth he turns into a mighty workshop, where his hours of respite are few, and his cares and worries many. He toils for more food than he can eat, for more clothes than he needs, for more money than he can wisely spend, for more power than needed to keep his own, for more knowledge than required to guide him aright. Why this life-long slavery for what is not needed? Why this care and worry for that which, when attained, brings but more of burden? For what is increase of wealth but a recognition of one's poverty? What is increase of power but a recognition of one's feebleness? What is increase of knowledge but increase of ignorance, increase of pleasure but increase of pain, increase of fame but increase of defamers?

Yet, what is all toil and trouble compared with the satisfaction of living on other peoples' lips, of filling a place in other peoples' minds, of

seeing one's name conspicuous in public movements, of being well spoken of, well thought of by friend and stranger, near and far. Here is the solution why man slaves for more than he needs to maintain life, or to guide him aright. His aim is a name. No man is a nonentity from choice. However great his indifference to other things, he never seeks of his own accord to pass for a cipher. Men fear unimportance more than want, and oblivion more than death. There are those who, if they cannot be famous, will rather be infamous than be unknown altogether. Every man would figure as a somebody, and to gratify his desire he knows he must distinguish himself in some way above his surrounding fellow-creatures, he must achieve or possess something that others have not to attract his neighbors' attention. For the prize of a name men will resist temptations that no other motive could be powerful enough to withstand, and dare feats that no other gain could tempt. Men will pluck a name from the very jaws of death, will ascend into the very heavens to wrest it from the gods, will descend into the lowest hells to seize it from the grasp of Satan himself, will make of their bodies torture-chambers and of their brains seething caldrons, will freeze and starve to death at the North Pole, or throw themselves as prey to deadly fevers, to ferocious beasts and men in Africa's interior, will search heaven and earth for new discoveries and new contrivances, and not hesitate to surrender their lives and all as purchase-price.

For the sake of a name.

It is fortunate that such a craving is implanted in our nature. Without it, we would be like beasts foraging for food and crouching in our lairs, having no other aim than appeasing the innerman and protecting the outer. The desire of enjoying a good name has been the creator of most of our genius, the driving-wheel of our best talents. It has converted savagery into civilization, cowards into heroes, idlers into doers. It is the propelling force of progress, of enterprise, of achievement. It is the root of virtue. It preserves the integrity of the individual, the sanctity of the home, the purity of society, the peace of the nation.

When such benefits are the products of a good name, when such sacrifices are made and such hardships endured for it, when all men's actions are more or less animated by it, one would reasonably have expected to find men and women in the undisturbed enjoyment of whatever name they have honorably acquired, and others encouraged to strive for the same end, that society may be benefited by the possessions of a larger number of people, who pay the costly price of hard and noble service for the honor of enjoying a good name. But it is the opposite rather that we find.

Detraction of a good name is more frequently met with than recognition of it. Calumny runs more fluently from tongues than praise.

The more eager men are for praise the readier they often are to deny it to others. The more anxious men are to be well thought of by others, the more willing they often are to think little of others, and, if it must be, to fabricate the reason for

Craving for a name the driving-wheel of progress.

Detraction of name a common vice.

belittling their name. As there are eyes that get wild with rage when the color red is held before them, so are there ears that become frenzied with malice at hearing another man praised. You can easily turn many a comedian into a tragedian, many a musician's *pianissimo* into a violent *fortissimo*, many a preacher from lamb to wolf, by merely saying a word of praise of a brother colleague in their hearing. The most praise-deserving often has the scantiest recognition, or is most exposed to slander's tongue. Reputations built up through long years of painful toil and self-denial, are not infrequently torn down, sullied forever, in less time than it takes to tell it. Pulling down is easier work than pulling up. There are plants so sensitive that the merest touch will wither them. Equally as delicate is a good name. Touch it with unclean hands, or breathe the breath of foul slander upon it, and not all the sands of all the oceans will remove the stain, nor will all the perfumes of Arabia sweeten it again. So easy a work is such detraction, and of so cheap a price, that everybody can afford the luxury of indulging it. Their number is small, who do not sometime seek to whiten their own names by blackening those of others. Alexander Pope is right:

"The world with calumny abounds,
The whitest virtue slander wounds;
There are whose joy is night and day
To talk a character away:
Eager from rout to rout they haste
To blast the generous and the chaste,
And hunting reputation down,
Proclaim their triumphs through the town."

I know not whether it is the ease with which this sin is committed, or the impunity which it enjoys, that is responsible for its wide prevalence. Neither can I tell whether it was always as common as now. But this I do know: it was not always as safe. It was a dangerous business at one time to tamper with a man's reputation. The man convicted in the time of Alfred the Great of having maliciously spread an evil report against his neighbor had his tongue cut out. Were such a law enacted now-a-days, we would either see a mighty stampede into the well-nigh deserted truth-telling camp, or see our earth fast becoming a vast Dumb-Asylum. In other countries those guilty of unjustly detracting from the character of others had the word SLANDERER stamped with a hot iron on their foreheads. Were that practice now in vogue, our ladies would wear their bangs thicker and deeper over their foreheads than now, and our men would imitate that style of hairdress with surprising rapidity. In other countries those convicted of having written a defamation of another's good name, had their right arms cut off. Were such a punishment still meted out to calumniators, an amazingly large crop of one-armed war veterans would suddenly spring up, our campaign-liars would fast exchange their stumps for the position of one-armed flagmen at railway-crossings, and many of our lawyers and diplomats, authors, editors and preachers, would be

Its prevalence
due to exemption
from punishment

obliged to take to writing with their left hands, or to thinking with their right minds.

Even in ancient times, few sins were looked upon with as much of contempt as slander. Of the four classes that will never be admitted into the presence of the Divine Majesty, the Rabbis of old mention the liar as one and the slanderer as another.* Even the Spirits of Evil, some of the ancient sages declare, detest the backbiter; 'God will judge and condemn him from above, and the Prince of Sheol from below.† The thief and murderer have not even awakened such scorn as the malicious defamer of character. There are thieves whose boldness and daring and chivalrous spirits involuntarily win our admiration, and tempt us to more lenient judgment. The same is true of some murderers. We stand aghast at their deeds, but their valor, their perilous adventures, their passion, at times force our admiration; we pity the circumstances that led to their crime, we seek to palliate the offense by suspecting some mental aberration. We have had criminals, who became popular idols, for whom women raved, whom to imitate became the highest ambition of youth, and whom men immortalized in romance and poetry, characters such as Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, or brigands of the *Fra Diavolo* and *Karl Moor* type, which the opera and the drama have made familiar to us. But the slanderer has never yet awakened any other feeling than the most contemptuous scorn. We despise him for the want of that courageous and chivalrous spirit wherewith even thieves and murderers win our admiration and pity. We despise that cowardice that in cold blood, with malice aforethought, stabs a man in his back, that attacks him when and where he cannot defend himself, that, like the serpent in the grass, stings him when least suspected, robs him of what took infinite toil to build up, and what all the treasures of the earth, what an eternity of time, cannot restore. We know of no insult that so touches us to the quick, that so makes our blood to boil as to be called a slanderer. There is the serpent's hiss in that word. It injects its poison into the wounded feeling, that will not heal till the insult has been resented. In countries where duelling is in practice to call a man a libeller is an offense which only blood can expiate.

Its poison the most fatal.

We do not wonder at the severity and contempt with which slander has been punished. What enemy mightier than it! What poison more fatal! What weapon sharper!

" 'Tis slander
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viporous slander enters." *Cymbeline*, Act III, Sc. iv.

It but whispers a word or two, utters but a monosyllable, points but its

* Talm. Babl. *Sanhedrin*, 103, a. † *ibid.* *Erchin*, 15 b.

finger, shrugs but its shoulder, raises but its eye-brow, and a fair name is sullied, a happy home is blasted, sweet and comforting relationships are broken up, and society is robbed of one of the strongest incentives for the elevation of the individual and for the progress of humanity. One's good name gone, and all is gone. Other losses may be restored, but the name that has become slander's prey can never be wholly recovered. We may deny and defend, and prove the slander a base invention, but the report that has once gone abroad is beyond recall. Of the hundred that have heard the slander ten may hear the denial, and five of these may believe it. The foul finger marks will remain. The scar which the serpent's tooth has left will abide forever. The shaken confidence, the broken union, though restored, will forever show the signs of mending. Suspicion will linger, and grow into slander again, when its victim is in the grave, and no longer able to defend himself. Children and children's children will bear the marks of the mire and venom with which the calumniator besmirched a fair ancestral name.

"For slander lives upon succession;
For-ever housed, where it gets possession."

Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 1.

"Forever housed where it gets possession"—ah, who can tell a more pitiful story of this than Israel, and on what day more appropriately than this? This is our Christian neighbors' Easter Sunday.

In thousands of sanctuaries, consecrated to peace and good-will, there is repeated to-day, amidst great pomp and festivity, one of the foulest slanders that was ever

Illustrated by the
Christian's
slander of the
Jew.

conceived by human brain, and ever uttered by human lips. On this day, some eighteen hundred years ago, an ancient solar festival, (commemorative of the vernal equinox, and of earth's resurrection from winter's death, and celebrated by heathen nations by fictitious slaying and burying and resurrecting of their sun-god idol) was converted into an historic event. Of the *Sun-God*, a *Son of God* was made, and around him they wove a fantastic tissue of heathen-borrowed myth. They brought him down from Heaven to walk the earth in human guise, to suffer and to be crucified, according to the Father's own decree, and to the Son's special wish, to atone with his blood for the sins of a depraved people, and thereby to appease the wrath of an angry Father. Then they singled out a number of men from a particular people to perform the work, on which the salvation of all human kind, past, present and future, depended. And when they had done the deed, which, according to such a dogma, ought to have been regarded the most glorious service ever rendered by man to man, they were rewarded with infamy and infinite suffering, and not only the participators themselves, but also the whole people of which they formed an infinitesimal part, some of whom lived hundreds of miles away from the scene of action.

So much for the myth. As to the historic kernel underlying it, you know the story of that noble brother of ours, who, in his zeal for his people, unfortunately permitted himself to be deluded by his enthusiastic

followers into the belief, that he was the Political Deliverer, for whom the Judeans were then hoping and praying, to redeem them from the tyranny of the Roman conqueror. You know the story of the treasonable entry, at a time of political unrest and frequent seditious uprisings, into Jerusalem, that was under the watchful guardianship of the Roman legions, especially at the approach of the Passover, when every male Israelite made his pilgrimage to the Holy City. You know of the madness of his proclamation as "King of Israel" in the very sight of the Roman Standards. What followed you know. Rome, never tolerant, never generous, always cruel, nailed this enthusiast, as it had nailed others before, on the cross, with a crown of thorns on his head and with a mock-inscription over it, to warn other aspirants against a similar fate. What followed this you also know, and that is the saddest part of this whole sad story. The tragedy of one—slander turned into a tragedy of a whole nation; the crucifixion of a day it turned into a crucifixion of eighteen centuries. As time passed on the brief story of this tragic event was transmitted from mouth to mouth of his devoted followers, and, as is the fate of all oral transmissions, it grew in size, in marvelousness, till it became utterly impossible to tell exactly where history ended and where legend began. As the years rolled on, it passed from Jew to the Romanized Gentile, who blended his own myths with this myth-history, and made the confusion greater still. And as conversions among the Romanized world became more and more frequent, and hostilities against the great mass of the Jews, who refused to believe in the Messiahship of the Nazarene Martyr, grew more and more bitter, it dawned in some mind as an excellent propagandic policy, as a powerful mean to conciliate the Romans, who, for political reasons, likewise hated the Jews, to clear them of all guilt, to credit them with a saintly character, to represent them as helpless weaklings in the hands of the Jews, and to pile the whole responsibility upon the innocent heads of the martyr's own brethren.

Thus was that slander born, that has made an innocent people a scorn and a byword among the nations of the earth. Thus was that slander born, that for eighteen centuries long made the Jew a fugitive and an outcast, in every land where that Prince of Peace and Good Will, their own brother, was worshipped. For this slander was the Jew made, eighteen hundred years long, to saturate the soil of half of the inhabited world with his heart's blood, was he made to endure excruciating agonies in torture chambers and on *autos da fe*, was he made to suffer heart-rending cruelties, nameless insults, loss of human rights, exclusion from respectable society and callings. And to our own days this slander has endured, so true are Shakespeare's words, that "slander lives upon succession; for-ever housed, where it gets possession." To this day an innocent posterity is treated with contempt, is slandered and vilified, is suspected and hated, for a crime falsely charged to a no less innocent ancestry. Could you but hear some of the sermons that are delivered to-day, some of the cruel epithets that are hurled at the brethren of Him they worship, you would need no further proof to be convinced of the

ineradicableness of slander's poison. The learned Academies have entered their protest, the damaging contradictions in the different Gospels have been made manifest, the heathen sources of gospel stories have been laid bare, the analysis of Jewish History, Literature, Laws, Customs and Institutions have given the lie to these false charges. It has availed nothing. The slander lives,—and Israel suffers.

This form of slander, of creating a libel out of nothing, of condemning whole peoples through countless generations, without the intermixture of a grain of truth in its support, though the most pernicious, is fortunately not the most frequent. Of peoples as countless and as defenseless as Israel the world has not many, and prudence suggests greater care and justice in speaking of larger and more powerful nations. Had Rome not been so mighty, and her influence and protection not so desirable, and her people not so subject to conversion, and had Israel not been so weak, it would never have been made to suffer for her crime. It is an old trick of might to make the wrong appear right, and the right appear wrong, and to play the roll of the mighty has never been Israel's privilege or misfortune. But of the other forms of slander we have much more. There is that insinuating slander of the Half-Truth, that tells all the faults it knows of a neighbor, and carefully conceals all his good qualities, a single one of which might atone for all the other faults combined, were it but known. It is an old sin, one that Juvenal already satirized in language as strong as this:

"There's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die."

Satire IX.—Transl. Stephen Harvey.

There is that slander that hears but the side that is derogatory of a neighbor's character, and makes the most of it, without taking the trouble of assuring itself whether there be any truth at all in the report, and, if there be, what the accused has to say in his defense. It is said of Aristides, that he lent but one ear to one who accused another behind his back; the other ear he held shut, saying, that he reserved it for the accused, and that he will not suffer one ear to believe till the other has also heard. No wonder he was called the "Just," for other men generally adopt a different course; they keep both ears wide open to scandal and accusation, and both tightly shut against denial and defense. We feel incensed over that Russian procedure that arrests, convicts, transports, a man upon the merest suspicion of political intrigue, without as much as granting a hearing to the accused. We burn with indignation when we read of that Robespierrian tyranny during the French Revolution, that condemned a man to the guillotine upon no stronger evidence of guilt than mere suspicion, that only admitted evidence against the accused, never a witness in his favor. But how often are not we ourselves guilty of similar wrongs. How often do not we ourselves condemn a man upon the merest suspicion, without

The slander of
the Half-Truth.

The slander of
the Half-Testi-
mony.

granting him a hearing, without confronting him with his accuser, without permitting him to submit evidence in his own behalf. We hear, believe, condemn, and speedily tell it to others that they likewise may believe and condemn. Few are they, who, at hearing an evil report against another will say with the Latins of old "*Audiatur et altera pars,*" let the other side also be heard before sentence is passed.

There is that slander that

' trusts not to tongue alone,
But speaks a language of its own
Stabs with a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Conveys a libel in a frown,
And winks a reputation down.'

Swift, *Journal of a Modern Lady*.*

Who knows not those polished and diplomatic cut-throats and assassins that never commit themselves by word or pen, but employ instead the deadly artillery of facial pantomime, the double-edged dagger of significant look, gesture, shrug, sneer and mow down the strongholds of character though not a sound is heard, stab a reputation to the heart though not a word is said, blast a career though not a syllable is used for ammunition? Who knows not those men and women who, when you ask them for an opinion concerning the character of another, or who, when listening to your praise of another, drum with their fingers, pull up their noses, wrinkle their brows, break out in a whistle or in an ejaculation, or shake their heads and look mightily knowing, to put you on your guard, to make you believe that if they but wanted, they could a mighty tale unfold, but they wouldn't do it for the world, they have too much good breeding, they have too much consideration, and yet say more in their silence, do more harm with their feigned anxiety to spare, than they possibly could have done with all the language at their command, for they give the suspicion which they have aroused within you boundless sway to roam over every possible crime, while the suspected may be innocent of even the slightest?

Of what profit is it, you may ask, to filch from another his good name? Selfish gain is perhaps the strongest motive. The slandered may be a dangerous rival, whose riddance is much desired. Envy is another cause. There are those who may have an abundance of fame, and yet cannot hear another praised without spurring the poison of vituperation upon him. Vanity is another source. There are those who believe that independent and original thinking and doing best show themselves in running down the thoughts and deeds of another. Fanaticism is another source. There are those who would have all the world believe as they do, and think it their religious duty to denounce and vilify all who differ from them. Idleness and ignorance are perhaps the commonest sources of all. There

The slander of malevolent gesticulation.

The reasons for slander.

* Slightly altered.

are those, who will run others down, without really bearing them any malice, without expecting to derive the slightest profit from their detraction, simply to have somebody to talk about, to pass an hour or two pleasantly away with running down a dozen or two of characters. I have read of a hostess who, annoyed at an evening party, over the dullness of the conversation of her guests, asked an intimate friend of hers, a pretty and brilliant young lady, to go home, that the conversation may become animated by having somebody to run down.

And for such base reasons must many a good name be sacrificed, on the attainment of which infinite labor may have been expended, and from the preservation of which endless benefits may accrue to humanity. And since calumny is one of the commonest of our vices, since no name that is at all worth detraction escapes calumny, it may be a pertinent question to ask (chivalrously taking it for granted that we ourselves have never been guilty of slander) whether we have not encouraged it by turning a ready ear to the slanderer?

Close ear to slander and slanderer will close his mouth.

Close your ears to slander and you'll soon close the slanderer's mouth. Bar your doors against it, and it will soon starve and freeze to death upon the street. Even though you be free from the sin of slander, if you listen to it and repeat it to others, you are as guilty as the slanderer. Your credulity encourages him to other murders of innocent names, and your aiding in its circulation makes you accessories to his crime. If you wish to preserve the honor of your own names, you must sacredly guard that of others. If you wish to be fairly dealt with by others, even so must you deal with them. Only by leniently judging the failings of others, by making just allowances, by carefully concealing with one hand another's shame, while trying to correct it with the other, can you fairly count on similar treatment by others. Never believe that people will always treat you any better than you treat them. The world is a faithful looking-glass, as you look at it, it looks back at you. The counsel the wise Ben Sirach gave some twenty centuries ago is still safe to follow:

To preserve our own name we must guard that of others.

“Question a friend, it may be he did not;
 And if he did something that he do it no more.
 Question thy neighbor, it may be he said it not;
 And if he hath said it, that he do it not again.
 Question a friend for many a time it is a slander,
 And believe not every report.
 Many a one maketh a slip with his tongue and his heart meaneth nothing by it.
 And who hath not sinned with his tongue?
 Question thy neighbor before thou threatenest,
 And give place to the law of the Most High.”

Ecclesiasticus, xix, 13-17.

As for the rest, the simple rule to follow is to take as little notice as possible of slander, to treat other people's uncharitable opinion of you as Emperor Theodosius did, who prohibited the punishment of any man who spoke against him, saying: “What was spoken slightly is to be laughed at;

Silence slander by treating it with silent contempt.

what spitefully, is to be pardoned; what angrily, is to be pitied, what justly is to be thanked." Only treat the slanderer with patient silence, he will tire of his venom, just as the dog tires of baying the moon. You are never so near proving the truth of his defamation than when you stoop to take notice of him. Lowering yourselves to his level you may be tempted to copy his tactics, and become vipers yourselves. Keep calm, maintain your dignity, and you will find that

"No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper."

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, Line 811.

So live that a blameless life may be your only answer to slander's tongue.
So live that noble deed may give the lie to the calumniator's detraction.
So live that the traducer's persecutions, instead of awakening fear, may be pleasing compliments to you. So live that even though the world deny you justice, your own conscience may know your purpose holy, your character spotless, your name unstained.

A Plea for Noble Ambition.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 24th, 1892.

לא החכר (Exod. xx. 17)

מקטנם ועד גדולם כלו בוצע בצע (Jerem. vi. 13)

הוי בצע בצע רע לביתו (Habak. ii. 9)

We read in the *Book of Esther* of the great honors shown by the Persian King *Ahasverus* to his Prime Minister *Haman*, how he raised him above all the princes of the realm, commanded all his court-officers and attendants to bow down before him, and to reverence him. In one so highly honored, so abundantly blessed with all the heart could desire, one might reasonably have expected to find a truly happy man. But the Scriptures assure us of the contrary, tells us of his discontent and vexation of spirit because some insignificant Jew, Mordecai by name, who frequented the palace gate, refused to bow down before him and to do him reverence, and acquaints us with the tragic end of his brilliant career, because, not contented with the honor shown him by king and princes, he sought to revenge himself on some insignificant mortal, for refusing to bow before him.

Honored, and yet
miserable.

This story furnishes a rich field for moralizers, and they have not been slow in taking advantage of it. Haman has come to be looked upon as a type of a man insatiably greedy after honors, and his miserable end is held up to the ambitious as a warning. Mordecai, however, is lauded to the skies for his moral courage, for daring to refuse to a powerful minister, to a mighty king's favorite, an honor which belongs to God alone, and his example is held up to others for faithful imitation. I must confess, I have never been able to approve of all the vituperation that has been heaped upon the Persian, nor share all the praise that has been lavished upon the Jew. I have before this given my reasons for doubting the historic worth of the *Book of Esther*.* Such a portrayal of character as here given of Mordecai strengthens my doubt. One, that stood as near to the throne as he, would have known what honor is due to the chief minister of the realm, would not have begrudged showing a respect which an orientalist is only too glad to show; nor would he, as a scarcely tolerated Jew in a stranger's land, have been so imprudent as to invite upon his people a fearful persecution, by refusing to honor a distinguished

* See *The Feast of Esther*, Series I, 11.

official of another faith and people, which his religion did not prohibit, and of which some of his most illustrious ancestors have set the example.

As to the character of Haman, its delineation is faithful enough to allow a belief in the possibility of its having been a pen picture of some covetous official in the remote past. If historic, he deserves more of our pity than our censure. We are dealing then with a patient rather than with a criminal, with one of those unfortunates, of whom history has recorded many, who lost control over the fiery steeds of ambition, which, dashing off like mad, hurled him at last over the dizzying precipice down into the horrible abyss.

Ambition's fiery steeds scamper along in every sound mind. In some they run with a quicker pace than in others, but present they are in each, placed there by nature's own hand, and for each man's good—so long as he keeps the reins well in hand.

Ambition on the race-course.

But that is not an easy task. The racers are many. The desire not to be outstripped by a neighbor is strong. Almost involuntarily the hand seizes the whip at the sound of the fast-gaining rival behind. To overtake the one in front becomes the passion of the one behind. Faster and faster and more and more painfully falls the whip upon the steeds. They shoot forward with lightning speed; the track flies from under their feet. The racers are now side by side in dangerous proximity. They are wild with excitement. Now the one leads; now it is the other. The steeds are covered with foam. The drivers are hoarse from shouting, and blind from the dust. They hear not the cries of warning. They see not the beings and objects they run down in their mad course. One rival sinks exhausted on the track. Another quickly takes his place. He, too, falls; and another; and another; and yet others. The road is strewn with wrecks and ruins, with gasping and mortally wounded steeds and drivers. One succeeds in getting far ahead of all his rivals; he has none to fear; still he flies into a passion at the sight of a crawling blind old nag he chances to pass, and brings his lash heavily down upon his breathless steeds to run the harmless traveller down. At last he is the only one left upon the tracks. He has gratified his passion; the victory is his. Fatigued, he seeks to halt his coursers, but they no longer obey his call or command. The more he pulls back, the faster they shoot forward. On, on they rush, till at length steeds, chariot and driver tumble together in a heap of hopeless exhaustion.

It is only on some such pathological theory as this that we can account for that strange disease of many men, who, with honors thick upon them,

Excessive ambition leads to the disease: covetousness.

without a rival to fear, with ample treasures and pleasures at their command, will permit themselves to become unhappy, or frenzied with rage and malice, because some insignificant fellow refuses to doff his hat to them, or because some by-street shopkeeper dares to catch a few penny customers. What we condemn in them as avarice or envy, is often but the after-effect of years of uncontrolled ambition. They have been on the race-track so long, have been dominated for so many years by the passion of reaching the goal the soonest, and plucking the prize the first, have for so many

years kept a sharp eye on competitors, and have run down feared and dangerous rivals so long, till their passion turned into disease, compelling them to continue the race though they have long since reached and passed the goal, to fear and suspect every man as their rival, to feel envious of, and miserable at, another man's success, and to have no peace, no comfort, till the breathless steeds of their ambition have run them down and utterly destroyed them.

I have said that Haman deserves our pity rather than our condemnation, if for no other reason than in self-defense, in extenuation of a sin, from which, I am sure, but the fewest of us are free.

We have before us in *Haman* the intensified form of a passion that has a distinguished place in the minds of most of us. We all love honor, and very many of us are engaged in a hot race after it, though not many of us may be willing to admit it as frankly as did King Henry V, whom Shakespeare makes to say:

"If it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive."

King Henry V—Act IV. Sc. 3.

and I am as much in doubt as King Henry was, the tenth commandment to the contrary notwithstanding, as to whether "it be a sin to covet honor." I am strongly inclined to suspect a man of being insensible of shame who is insensible of honor. Show me the man who tells you that he cares for neither honor or fortune, that he is contented with obscurity or poverty, and I will show you either a prevaricator or a fool. His very posing as a man, who cares not for honors often but cloaks a greedy appetite for it, as there are people who parade more haughtiness in their ostentatious exhibition of exceeding humbleness and modesty than they possibly could have done by any of the regular modes of displaying pride. If the tenth commandment be understood to prohibit the cherishing of some noble ambition, the setting of some other man's great success and honor before us as a goal to attain, through personal effort, similar fortunes and stations, then the man, who has never transgressed against it, must be of the category of that boy who never told a lie—because he was dumb, must never have had brain enough and energy enough to cherish, and strive for, a noble ambition.

I have never held that commandment responsible for so absurd a teaching. Man should be ambitious, he shall covet honors and fortunes, and he will, commandment or no commandment. God has taken good care to implant the instinct of ambition deep in human nature, especially in its most illustrious

Our indebtedness
to ambition.

representatives, to make the progress of humanity not a matter of choice but of compulsion. But for that attribute, we never would have advanced as we have, we never could have advanced at all, judging from the comparison between the unambitious beast and the ambitious human being, or between the stagnant oriental villager and the enterprising citizen of an occidental metropolis.

Ambition is the salt that preserves the mind from stagnation, and the body from decay. But for it, our greatest powers would never come

to light, our noblest faculties would rust unused. It is the baton that holds our best energies harmoniously together and starts them off in rhythmic motion. It is the lash that drives our blood into healthful flow and our mind into useful activity. It is the source of all the mind values highest, and all the heart cherishes the most. It has laid the foundation of the first place of worship, and the corner-stone of the first school, and there has not been a church or school since that owed not its existence to it. It has steeled the arm of the first warrior, and has made every distinguished soldier laugh at danger ever since. It has guided the pen of the first writer, and of every writer since. It has inspired the mind of the first reformer, lawgiver, discoverer, inventor, and of all their countless successors since. It has taken the first ship across the ocean, and the first locomotive across the land; sunk the first shaft into the earth, stretched the first telegraph over the continents, and the first cables under the seas. It has started more enterprises than mind has knowledge of, and has brought more blessings into the world than man can count. For all the comforts of life we are indebted to it. It has lightened our burdens and heightened our joys. It has widened our horizon and deepened our knowledge. It has removed life's trials and tribulations further off, and has brought heaven nearer. To say, therefore, that this innate spirit of ambition, that ever urges man forward and onward, that ever impels him to think more and to achieve more, to be more and to have more, is a violation of the Tenth Commandment, is contrary to the will of God, is simply madness.

I know that in speaking a word in favor of ambition, I run counter the stereotyped commonplaces wherewith it has been attacked both in speech and in print. Few quotations and illustrations are more fluent on our lips than those which belabor wealth, belittle honor, and elevate the sweets of contentment. Our nursery tales and Sunday School Literature are full of such morals. Our primers revel in them. Our preachers find them grateful subjects, and poets delight in turning them into popular rhymes. Lines such as Shakespeare put into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey:

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it."

Henry VIII.—Act III., Sc. 2.

or such as these:

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the trifling things
More trifling still than they."

spring up, uncalled, in our memories as soon as the subject is but broached; and pastorals and farm-ballads that contrast the palace of the rich with the cottage of the poor, the rich fare and costly costume of the one with the frugal meal and humble dress of the other, and show how, despite the difference, the lot of the poor is far more enviable than that of the rich, are constantly appealed to in praise of contentment, and in condemnation of ambition. The whole vocabulary of abuse is piled on wealth.

It is designated as the root of every evil, the source of every woe, the bane of every bliss. It is the curse of society, and we are warned against the seductive tempter that conceals the fatal poison. In eloquent terms the fascinations of mediocrity, are portrayed to us, and no labor is spared to convince us of the wisdom of *Agur* of old in praying that 'God may give him neither poverty nor riches'* and of Goldsmith's cleverness in regarding "ignorance of wealth" the "best riches."†

But, strange, with all the bitter denunciation of ambition, with all the eloquence and rhetoric in favor of poverty or mediocrity, with all the abundance of literature in all languages, ages, climes, against fame and fortune, there has never been a cessation in the intense race and struggle among all the people for whatever honor and riches there was to be had. And what is stranger still, they that write and speak most vehemently against ambition, are, as a rule, in keenest and hottest pursuit after it. There have been writers and speakers who worked hard, even while writing and speaking on the beauties of mediocrity, to reach the highest place and the fattest salary, and they would never have forgiven you had you asked them whether their work was an illustration of the mediocrity they so much praised. People have been too busy obeying the forward-urging instincts of their nature, and too conscious of the hypocrisy of the eulogizers of poverty or mediocrity, to pay much attention to such sophistries. They knew that, at best, their rhetoric was but a sugar-coating of a very bitter pill, which adverse circumstances obliged them to swallow, or a revengeful thrust at the honored and the wealthy, who were not in the least ruffled by it, knowing that though much pitied by the panegyrists of obscurity, it would not have been safe to offer to exchange with them.

Neither have they been much dissuaded from the ambitious course on which they were bent, by the saws and sermons on the mockery of fame and the misery of wealth, by people who have had a surfeit of glory, and whom age or feebleness had incapacitated from continuing in the excitement of the race, or from any longer drawing enjoyment from their fame or fortune. A thousand death-bed warnings against the bubble of glory are not one half as much of a deterrent, as the sight of the honor shown to one celebrated man, or of the pleasures and possibilities within the reach of one wealthy man, acts as a spur.

People have also learned to understand what is generally included under contentment, or under the modest term of mediocrity. Thomson only asks for

"An elegant sufficiency, content
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."

The Seasons—Spring; Line 1158.

Who would not be content with such an abundance of blessings, or who would refuse to be poor or mediocre with such treasures as these as his own? Who can acquire these without bringing a large amount of ambition

* Pro. xxx, 8.

† The Traveller.

into play, or can rest content after honorably acquiring as much as this? He that by hard and honest toil has secured for himself 'an elegant sufficiency, friendship, books, ease, useful life, progressive virtue,' will not, and cannot, rest on his laurels, and say: "I am done, I have nothing more to wish for or to strive for." Our distinguished author Holmes has amused himself not a little over such conceptions of contented poverty or mediocrity as this Thomsonian one, and has added one of his own in the following clever satire:

"Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)

That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 't is a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; I laugh at show.

* * * * *
Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

That there have been those that have been contented with very little, and have been happier with it than others with very much I shall not deny. Did not Diogenes content himself with a barrel for a home, and have we not had hermits contented with yet less? But for how much is the world's civilization indebted to such men as these? What have they done to promote the best interests of human kind. Was not their isolation or their idiosyncrasy a species of selfish ambition to win a saintship in Heaven or a crankship on earth? What has the world benefited by those other much-lauded contented beings, who want little, and have their want, and care nothing for the abundance of others, and are merry and gay the livelong day, without a care for to-morrow, without a pang for the lost opportunity of yesterday, without provision for the time when they shall be no more, without any other final request than

"Cover my head with turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one."

To be sure they have enjoyed their life;—but so do the cattle in the field. And they have enjoyed it with not a few of the products of other men's ambitions. They have never spelled their names Moses or Jesus or Mohamed. They have never turned immortal epics, or chiselled immortal gods and goddesses, or reared over them proud temples and mighty palaces. They have never started out as pioneers into unknown lands, or ventured into the untrodden fields of scientific research. They have

never answered to the name of Gutenberg or Watt, of Stephenson or Fulton, of Franklin or Edison. No emancipated slaves ever stammered before them their gratitude; no freed nations and peoples ever bedewed their graves with their tears, or raised towering monuments over them in grateful recognition of their noble services.

Fortunately the world has not many such—sometimes I question whether it has any at all that are of sound mind and capable of lending their fellowmen a helping hand. Be a man of thought and energy and you can as little help being ambitious as you can help thinking. There is that in you that must out; you can stop it only at your peril. You must have an ideal to strive for, a hope to live for, a goal to aim at. Your contented days cease with your childhood—become a man, and

Doubtful
whether unambitious people
exist.

“Glücklicher Säugling! dir ist ein unendlicher Raum noch die Wiege.
Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.”

Schiller, *Das Kind in der Wiege*.

If you look up with thoughtful eye, there are the mysteries of nature with their countless riddles to tempt your ambition to wrest the long-kept secrets from Heaven itself, by means of patient vigils at night and painful researches during the day. If down you look, there is the grave to tempt a desire not to pass completely from the memories of the living after death. If you look abroad, there are the wants and wrongs of humanity to tempt your ambition to achieve something which, while benefitting your fellowmen, may enable you to think with Horace of old: “*Non omnis moriar*” that you will not die altogether. If there is a spark of manhood or womanhood in you, it will assert itself as ambition in spite of you. It will show itself in your unceasing restlessness, in your discontent with what you have acquired, in your planning, and scheming, and reaching out after, something that shall be higher and better than what you have achieved. You will cry with Goethe for “*More Light!*” though eighty-three years of noble service be behind you, and the shadow of death already upon you.

Will our ambition make us happier? It may in one sense; and it may not in another. When nature planted that instinct within us she only thought of the happiness of humanity, not of the individual. She intended that the individual should seek and find his happiness in the consciousness of toiling for all mankind’s good, present and future, and in the knowledge that such toil by ambitious men in the past has enabled him to enjoy his present advantages. It is a mistake to believe that men seek honor or riches or power for the sake of deriving pleasure from it. It is done in obedience to a law of nature,—primarily on account of necessities which life imposes, secondarily on account of the necessities which society imposes. If a happiness is sought after by the ambitious other than the gratification of their ruling passion, or such as naturally flows from healthful activity, they are liable to disappointment. The most ambitious men have certainly been the unhappiest, as far as worldly pleasure goes. Moses died this side of the promised land, after a life of toil and vexation.

Ambition does
not necessarily
bring happiness.

Jesus died upon the cross, with a Latin mock-inscription over his head to serve as a warning against ambition. Columbus was carried home in chains from the new world which he had discovered. Hannibal died of the poison draught administered by his own hand. Caesar died from the dagger-thrust dealt by his dearest friend. Napoleon died a conquered, captive exile far from home. Bismark at Friedrichsruhe is brooding on the ingratitude of kings. We envy kings, while kings envy beggars. We envy the stars of the stage and the platform, while they perhaps curse the day they first set foot upon it. We envy the stars of the professions, while their ceaseless toils and worries and responsibilities make them devoutly wish they had less of honor and more of the humbler people's happiness. We envy the princes of the money marts, while they, the "poor in abundance" and the "famished at a feast," wish we had all their wealth, and they had our freedom from vexatious cares. We envy the honors and fortunes of the Hamans, while they lament and mourn and are utterly miserable because some insignificant fellow is so uncivil as not to bow before them.

That, with countless of such deterrent illustrations before us, it should be difficult to find in civilized lands a true man or a true woman, whose thought or action is not animated by this fire of ambition, this enticing tempter, this beguiling cheat, is no small proof that we have but little choice in the matter, that nature bids, and we must obey, must climb from ambition to ambition, from toil to toil, from vexation to vexation, that the wheel of progress may roll on.

I have no need, therefore, to urge upon you to cherish ambition, to strive for fame and fortune, even in the face of disheartening difficulties.

You will do it without my telling, as you have done hitherto. Nature has put you in the way of it on the day of your birth, and the whole system of your training has kept you on it. The praises at home, the honors and prizes and medals in school, the statues of celebrated men on the public squares, their pictures on your walls, their biographies on your tables, the distinction the famous and the wealthy of your community enjoy, the satisfaction you enjoyed when you succeeded in downing a competitor or in outstripping a rival, or in starting some new and noble enterprise, have made ambition almost as much of a necessary element of your intellectual and social life as air and food are of your physical existence.

But a word or two might be profitably said in the way of warning against excess of ambition. Keep the fiery steeds well in hand. Hold your reins taut, or you are lost. The moment you lose control over them, they control you, and dash off with you either to wreckage of morals or to wreckage of life. Learn to discriminate between noble ambition and evil covetousness. A wide chasm separates the two. On the one side is honor, right, emulation, blessing, on the other side is shame, wrong, avarice, crime, and the horrible chasm between and below is strewn with the mangled corpses of those who sought to bridge the two.

Yet ambitious we must be.

And ambitious we will be.

But covetous we must not be.

It is this that the *tenth* commandment would teach us, and it is here where it has a powerful lesson to teach. It objects not to ambition. It opposes covetousness. In the fostering of noble ambition it sees the possibility of faithful compliance with all the preceding nine commandments. In the nursing of covetousness it sees half of the other commandments in danger. Let a man lust after his neighbor's belongings, and he may make Mammon his God, he may murder, violate the sanctity of his neighbor's home, steal, slander and perjure himself, in trying to get by unlawful means what is not his own.

If your neighbor has what you too desire to have, get it in the honorable way your honest neighbor got it. There are as many good things yet to be had as ever were gotten. Not all the discoveries have yet been made, not all the good words have yet been said, not all the great movements have yet been inaugurated, not all the earth's treasures have yet come to light. But they have to be gotten. Mere envious longing, or revengeful brooding, without raising your hand or putting your best foot forward, will never get you in honest possession of them.—If they are not to be had, then brood not over impossibilities, else covetous longings and criminal feelings will enter your mind. Set your heart on other ambitions, and you'll soon find others as good as those your neighbor has.

Before, however, you enter upon your new ambition measure your aim by your strength. Aim high, but never attempt an eagle's flight with a sparrow's wing. You will either drop exhausted, or resort to tricks to attain your end. Better unfamed but honest in the valley beneath than a notorious marauder on the mountain tops.

“Wohl besser ist's, ohn' Anerkennung leben
Und durch Verdienst des Höchsten werth zu sein,
Als unverdient zum Höchsten sich erheben,
Gross vor der Welt und vor sich selber klein.”

Bodenstedt, *Mirza-Schaffy*.

Before, however, you enter upon your new ambition weigh its purpose. You may have the power of a giant yet the object may not deserve the strength of a dwarf. The accidental possession of a giant's strength is no reason for its being used giant-like in an unworthy cause. He that goes forth to conquer the world for conquest sake, to slaughter the nations to display power, or to gratify a lust of slaughter, may fill a page in the world's history, but a bloody, an execrable page it will be, a page as foul as that of Lucifer in Milton's epic, who to display his power, and to gratify his thirst for ruling, thought it “better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.” If great powers are yours, believe that they have been given you for great and good works. Cherish a noble ambition with them, and seek to attain it by noble means. Be right, and you need have no fear of ultimate success. Few men fail who deserve success, who heroically toil for it, who patiently wait for it. And even if they fail, far better is it to fail in the right than to succeed in the wrong.

Strive for noble aims with noble means.

An eagle's flight with a sparrow's wing.

Use not a giant's strength giant-like in an unworthy cause.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

NON-RENEWABLE

APR 11 1994

ILL/JHE

2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED

SEE DAD-URL

MAY 16 1994

Universit
Southe
Libra